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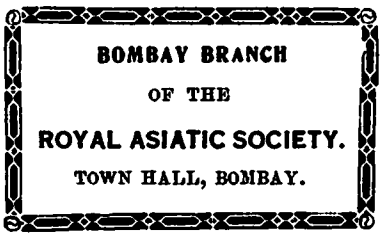

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HOLLAND:

ITS

INSTITUTIONS; ITS PRESS, KINGS, AND PRISONS.

BY

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47829

LONDON:
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MDCCCLVII.

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PREFACE.

I BEG to dedicate this work to the British public, to the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, and my sincere wish is that it may be received as a homage to this country, and as an expression of my warmest thanks to the loyal possessors of these shores of freedom and greatness, where the victim of continental persecution finds shelter and liberty. The gratitude I continually bear with me, is at least adequate to my profound conviction,

that had it not been for the free institutions of England, and its proximity to the continent, the hand that pens these lines would now have been powerless. At the same time, I make the humble pretension of doing no bad service to the land of my temporary adoption by publishing this work. The facts I bring to light will spread useful information throughout these isles, as to the real state of things on the continent. It is true this work treats specially about Holland, but Holland is nothing but a sample of the greater number of the continental states and courts.

All the facts related and the circumstances mentioned are conscientiously put down. They may cause the righteous and the friend of humanity to shudder with horror; nevertheless, although I may, perhaps, have made errors as regards a few dates, all that I have said is true to the letter. If one asks how

it is that, until this moment, such atrocities were never reported of Holland, the reply is, that every author on the continent, who will not sink under the level of his own estimation, and will continue to write, has no other prospect than an early grave.

Nothing would more satisfy my ardent wishes than that this work should convince the British nation that her interfering in favour of pending republican movements is to her own interest as well as to that of humanity. The revolution of 1848 failed in France on account of its leadership being principally in the hands of utopians and weak-hearted poets, instead of sober, patriotic, and practical men, who now regret that they stood aloof when that great event happened. But the same cannot be said of the Roman republic, whose noble leaders very probably would not have succumbed if England had interfered in their behalf. Neither

would the heroes of Hungary, or of other smaller states that rose during the memorable year 1848.

Should tyranny be allowed over and over again to put her rough-shod foot upon liberty's breast, the latter would at last succumb; and when continental despotism found no longer any motive to seek an alliance with England, the enslaved old world would soon stand against her, and, if not assisted by the jealous kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic, try to let her share the fate of Carthage. Bear in mind, every abortive new republican revolution will bring us nearer to absolute universal despotism.

Speaking of the civilized European family in general, we may say that we have now arrived at the landmark, black as night on the one, hopeful as daylight on the other side,—the landmark indicating the limit

between slavery and liberty; and it is now high time that we must either cross the barrier or recede. It must be decided whether we are to be our own masters, or whether we shall be kept in degrading servitude by a handful of tyrants, the descendants of fortunate adventurers, chiefly belonging to that age of darkness and barbarism upon which every feeling man looks back with abhorrence and shame. We must know whether we will allow them to keep humanity in thraldom, and to place themselves between God and us. We must duly consider whether we are so deeply sunk, whether we are so base, as longer to endure these exuberations of society, and to sacrifice to them everything which distinguishes us from brutes—liberty of thought, speech, and action.

If, in the present state of human progress, whilst we have steam to convey our persons,

with flying speed, from place to place; with electricity to convey our communications with the quickness of lightning to any distance;—if, in our age of scientific development and of philosophical enlightenment, tyranny could boldly keep up its monstrous head—adieu, then, liberty of mankind, for ever adieu!

I will not here dwell any longer upon this important subject, much less so as I do not believe that such will or can be the fate of humanity; but I shall hereafter have a more fitting occasion fully to explain my opinions hereon.

Let me only add that I trust the want of grace and richness of language in the following pages, will be overlooked on account of my being a foreigner. Although acquainted with the English tongue, I sorely feel that I have not that easiness of habitude which suggests words to every idea as soon as con-

ceived. I am convinced, however, that I am gaining strength, and I make bold to think that in the next volume my lack of elegance and harmony of style will be found less conspicuous than in this first production.

I am indebted to my friend Mr. W. A. W. Bird, for his ready assistance in revising this work, which I have the pleasure of hereby publicly acknowledging.

ERRATUM.

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HOLLAND.

CHAPTER I.

King Willem I. visits Groningen in 1839.—His appearance suggests the idea of the publication of a Republican Newspaper, "De Tolk der Vryheid."

It was in the summer of 1837 that the Dutch king, Willem I., made a tour through the northern provinces of Holland. On that occasion, an immense crowd were assembled in the principal streets and in the market-places of Groningen, the chief town of the province of that name, through which the aged king had to pass, waiting to see their monarch, but more anxious, perhaps, to obtain a view of his pompous equipment and retinue.

I stood amongst the cluster of the many thousand faces, for the greater part radiant with joy, but I had little consciousness of the demonstrations of excitement and glee that surrounded me on every side. I was absorbed in other reflections, not originating in the rays of pageantry, but emanating from the most intrinsic emotions.

Born in Holland, I had voluntarily enlisted, like many other young men and children, during the war between the north and the south Netherlands, in the Dutch army; and at the age of eighteen was appointed a non-commissioned officer and *chef de bureau*; which office, at the time I am speaking of, I had held nearly a year—in addition to which I was prepared to pass my examination for a lieutenancy. Manifold and variated were my occupations and duties in my military career; but I never neglected my private studies and meditations. Fond of philosophy, literature, poetry, history, and geography, I devoted all my leisure moments to the cultivation of my mind, through these intellectual sources. Nor were my endea-

vours to excel others altogether unattended with success, for different fragments of my poetical attempts, and, at a later period, several of my historical pamphlets and sketches, had already issued from the presses in Groningen.

Conscientious and assiduous investigations into the historical records of my country, had long since imbued me with the conviction that the Dutch Republic was, in recent bygone centuries, as glorious, renowned, and respected throughout the world, as Holland is now,—in miniature tyrannical form,—an insignificant spot on the map of Europe, of which foreigners seldom speak, but, when they do, generally with disdain and contempt. And the same impartial researches fortified me in the opinion that Orange-Nassau, the reigning House of Holland, especially from the time its members became hereditary stadtholders of the United Provinces, had ever been the cause of that decadency.

As King Willem passed the crowd, he distinguished me at once; and very natu-

rally so, for I was the only one in uniform amongst that large mass of civilians. I stood motionless, gazing intensely on his features, whilst the crowd bowed, waved their hats, and cried "*vivat.*" Meanwhile I pitied the poor deluded people. Ever since, thought I, the laws of human nature —pure as they sprang from the Creator's hands—were engulphed in the pristine deluge of human degeneration, liberty and equality were no longer looked upon as Heaven's dearest gifts, and the equilibrium of individual value fell into the grasp of bold and successful usurpers of their fellow-creatures' rights,—ever since that time tyrants have tried to succeed, by external pomp and show, in subjugating the nations, and keeping them in degrading thraldom. Sad to say, outward ornaments and ceremonies, although ridiculous, insidious and abject, when put in the bright light of common sense and reason, have had, in different ages, more influence upon the destinies of mankind, than all the sublime superiority of solid learning and unpretending wisdom.

Look we back on disappeared generations, and we find in many instances sensual agitations which brutes partake in common with men, overruling the higher sentiments which the latter share with the Immortal Beings.

The Indians have no more respect for their native woods than any other nation or tribe, but when they have succeeded in shaping a tree into the semblance of a monster, which they have seen perhaps in their dreams, they adore, deify, and bestow godly honours upon it. Just like these savages, other nations, or rather *faithful subjects*, never prostrate before a despot in his natural state or in his night-cap and slippers, but only when clad in lace, gold, and finery, trimmed up as a fancy-god by tailors, bootmakers, hatters, laundresses, hair dyers, &c.; which sort of useful people were never the last to admire, with open mouth, full of astonishment and awe, the production of *their* combined hands.

Objects, only by intervals exposed to human sight, attract an ephemeral attention and excite an interest which, in the eye of

the vulgar, vanishes when they are daily visible. Comets, making their appearance but once in the course of two or three centuries, attract that general attention to the endless spheres, which is never given by the multitude to the suns and planets, constantly shining through the orbits of the heavenly vaults. In some parts of Europe religious superstition and awe is fostered upon that principle, and political superstition is, in like manner, strengthened by throwing round a continental tyrant a nimbus of mystery and impenetrability.* As regards Willem, although Holland counts not many hundreds of thousands of inhabitants more than London

* Regarding religious superstition, is it not degrading for mankind that in our age exhibitions like the "holy coat of Treves," and a thousand others of a similar kind take place, and that the vulgar are induced and allured to believe in the greatest absurdities, offensive to all sound reason and common sense? The coat of Treves, in Prussia, is exhibited every seven years, and the gnawing teeth of Time cannot alter it in the slightest degree. The priests boldly assert that Jesus Christ wore the very same coat. Other European towns make similar pious pretensions. The one fabrication is worthy the other. As for political superstition, there figures in

alone, he occupied for this personal exhibition in the provinces of his realm, an interval of at least seven or eight years, but then made his appearance somewhat like a comet, with great pomp, and followed by a long suite.

Willem I. left Groningen highly satisfied with the brilliant reception he had received. Nobody could foresee that the object of that splendid ovation would, only three years afterwards, find himself in the alternative either to risk the crown of North-Netherland, or to abdicate and to leave his country, loaded with the curses of his subjects! North-Netherland was for Willem in 1837

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close connection with the system of official personal exhibitions of royalty in our days the ridiculous custom of continental crowned heads, when travelling as simple mortals. They then cast off their pageantry, and leaving "the grace of God" at home, assume the character of a Duke, a Marquis, an Earl, a Viscount, a Baron, or something like it. That they call their *incognito*, although everybody knows who they are. The example is taken from the late old Jupiter, who, more expert and less self-conceited than they are, went *incognito* by the name of Master Taurus, and putting on the exterior of a bull, eloped with the fair Europa.

what Belgium was for him eight years previously. No Prince could desire an apparently more enthusiastic reception than the King of the Netherlands met with, in the southern parts of his dominions, in 1829,—a year before the Belgian revolution. This is a fact illustrative of the truth, that public demonstrations of joy and attachment to the heads of despotic or semi-despotic governments, are no longer symptoms of their solidity or durability. And it must be gratifying to the philosopher and to the friend of his species, to observe that those exhibitions have not now the lasting effect as in days of yore, and continue to lose their prestige in the same degree as civilization, learning, and enlightenment are progressing. The true force of every government of reasoning nations, without a single exception, now depends upon the opinions of highly-cultivated and virtuous persons, whose pre-eminence and talent, whose pen and tongue, have a stronger influence on the minds of their fellow-citizens than all the showmen in the world—from the beggar to the prince—

can produce. The vague exultations of the multitude are ephemeric as meteors; opinions based upon truth possess, in our days, eternal vitality, and before these opinions every contrast must, sooner or later, give way.

It was with this conviction that I left the spot where the king had passed, and slowly returned home, long after the crowd had ceased to rend the air with their acclamations. I had never seen a king before, and my witnessing *King* Willem's reception suggested to me, for the first time, the idea of putting myself at the head of a *republican* newspaper. I did not, however, arrive at the determination to publish that journal, without having first calmly and judiciously deliberated whether my political writings could be useful and effective, and, such being the case, whether it was not my duty to forego all personal considerations, and to submit to my countrymen, according to the best of my abilities, the fruits of my researches, meditations, and opinions. I was fully aware of the harassing prosecutions to which I should

be exposed, in writing a newspaper of republican tendencies, by the government of King Willem I. I was also alive to the fact that I had even to expect the cavil and annoyance of the local authorities, whose actions were not belonging to the domain of public discussion; for never during the lengthened reign of Willem had an independent journal made its appearance in Groningen. The two small newspapers published twice a-week in that university-town were both dependent;—one the *Groninger Courant*, upon the authorities of the city; the other, the *Provinciale Groninger Courant*, upon those of the province or county, and leading articles reflecting upon the acts of the government or administration, even if these acts concerned the dearest interests of the country, the province, or of the town, were altogether unknown in these publications. What a sensation, therefore, must the production of a free, independent, republican newspaper make in Groningen; and how would it be looked upon by the creatures of servility! But after I had once

come to a firm determination, no fear of future vexations or danger could restrain me; and the happy and flattering thought that I might be useful to my fellow-citizens, banished all other considerations from my mind. I applied, in the summer of 1839, for my release from the army, which I easily obtained, peace having been made with Belgium, and nobody being aware of my journalistic intentions. The name I gave to my newspaper was sufficiently characteristic: I headed it, *The Tolk der Vryheid*, which means in English, *The Interpreter of Liberty*.

CHAPTER II.

Policy of Willem I.—Protestants and Catholics.—Growing dissatisfaction in Holland.—The King loses his popularity.—The Countess Henriette D'Oultremont.

A SPECIMEN impression of the *Tolk der Vryheid* was published in the latter part of the year 1839, and was, so far as I could gather, well received by the public, especially in Groningen and its environs. The newspaper was of small size, resembling nearly all continental journals. It was to be published regularly three times a-week. I had a few thousand copies printed, and took them with me to the principal places of the different provinces, not only in order to canvass for subscribers, but also with the intention of procuring all the information possible as to

the disposition of the population, and their dissatisfaction to the government, and particularly the king, who was considered the personification of that government.

I soon ascertained that the majority of the people were discontented, and that in some places their minds were in a state of fermentation. The more enlightened condemned *in extenso* the policy of Willem I., who, since he had ruled as king, had cared only for his private concerns, and, instead of following the path of progress, had endeavoured to bring the nation back to former times of intellectual, religious, and political darkness and discord. In fact, one of Willem's political maxims was that of De Medicis:—*Divide et impera.* He applied it assiduously and unrelentingly to the two principal religions or sects in the Netherlands—the Protestants and the Roman Catholics. That sort of tortuous policy, and the scandalous persecutions the courageous representatives of the press had to endure during his reign, brought him his just reward, forming as it did the embryo of the

rebellion which made Belgium independent of his tyrannical sway. A circumstance indicative of Willem's love of money may not here be out of place. He lost, by losing Belgium, about two-thirds of his subjects. As king of the Netherlands, he had a salary (for why not call it salary?) of two and a half millions of guilders, and after he had been deprived of the better and greater portion of his kingdom, he generously proposed that his salary should be reduced, not to the proportional number of the population, but to *one million and a half!* After all, however, it was of no material difference whether his salary was more or less, as he had at all times the national treasure at his disposal, which made it easy enough for him to gather a colossal fortune, as hereafter will be seen. His yearly budgets of public income and expenditure were nothing but a royal sham. His ministers were his clerks, and nothing better. He had the supreme command over all departments, and bartered with the public revenue according to the dictation of his *bon plaisir.* It was a long time since known that his secret agents speculated, on their

master's account, in the Amsterdam Exchange, and gained all important intelligences—affecting the public funds—of which he came into earlier possession than private individuals; and he even speculated upon them, when these pieces of intelligence conveyed the news of national disasters. At the same time that, in the campaign of 1831, the Dutch soldier poured his blood, and two years afterwards the embargo brought so many a family to despair, the *pater patriæ*, as his mercenary scribes were wont to call him, had occult representatives on the *Beurs*, and the scalding tears and the uselessly-shed blood of Dutch subjects brought him his tangible benefits.

Not only for his private extravagances,—for, although he could be called a *regular* man, Willem I. was, in some respects, as sublime as the Sublime Porte himself,—but likewise for the errors or crimes of his children, the public purse was brought into requisition. His son, the prince of Orange, afterwards Willem II., was one of the most unfortunate slaves to almost every game. He was, as early as 1816, in Spa, gambling

with two notorious characters. Chance or cheating was against him, and he sought to recover his loss in a way which induced his father to send the two fellows, with large pensions, to foreign countries, where their share of the national spoil was regularly forwarded them through the ambassadors, by that infernal branch of the ministry of (so called) justice, known by the name of the Secret Police. Transactions similar to these were of frequent occurrence, and it was invariably the nation who had to pay for them. It was even the nation who had to pay for the scandalous robbery of the princess of Orange's diamonds, committed in Brussels, in 1829, amounting to about a million sterling, and for which robbery a poor Italian, Polari, was convicted.*

* That deluded quasi-criminal, according to some versions, died in the prison of Woerden, shortly before his time expired and he expected to receive the full reward for his obliging abnegation; but, according to other reports, he was put on board a vessel, with some thousands of guilders in his possession, to be taken, with his own free consent, to America, on which passage, however

All these, and other like events, were freely discussed by the initiated, at the time I visited the principal places of Holland. Another grief, based upon facts not so generally known, was the manner in which Willem disposed of the estates belonging to the country in the East Indian possessions. Sugar and coffee plantations, and other similar kinds of property, of millions in value, were given away, upon certain conditions, to persons of influence who had become troublesome, or in one way or the other obnoxious. These estates in the Indies were either directly or indirectly transferred. Sometimes it was asserted that, according to the government contracts, the new possessor or tenant had already deposited a certain amount of the sum to be paid annually; but it more frequently happened that the fortu-

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(during a dark night, he being alone with a well-known secret police character, whose public hotel in Brussels, now more than ten years since, suddenly sprang up into magnificence), he *accidentally* fell overboard and was drowned, the mystery of the famous robbery going with him.

nate individual received a large sum into the bargain, in order the more properly to undertake the management of his plantation or tin mine, or whatever sort of estate it might happen to be. The king evidently considered these colonies, conquered by a heroic race, strange to him, his private property, and acted accordingly. Never was any proper account of their revenues given, nor had anybody a real control over them.

The rumour, moreover, was gaining substance, that there was, apart from the East Indian matters, a deficit of some millions in the public exchequer, which even the clever royal financier did not know how to account for.

While all these topics were matters of every-day club and tavern conversation with well-to-do people, the middle and poorer classes complained bitterly of the dullness of trade, the scarcity of labour, and the high prices of the absolute necessaries of life. These classes suffered severely indeed; and death from starvation was not without precedent at that time, although the govern-

ment officers endeavoured to conceal the appalling facts as much as lay in their power. Let it here be said, that if any species of human beings are to be pitied and have a claim upon cosmopolitan philanthropy, surely the Dutch artizan and labourer belong to the number. Many thousands of them—especially those living in the country—have never the means of purchasing even so much as an ounce of beef or a glass of wine or wholesome beer; the great majority never taste other than black bread. Monotonous and dreary is their daily life, and there is scarcely anything between their cradle and their coffin but sorrow, anguish, and toil. It was another of king Willem's maxims to keep down and to impoverish the industrious and laborious as much as possible. Ease and comfort might bring happiness and jocularity to the working man's family, and having no longer to fear for to-morrow's existence, he might think and speak at his fireside about the acts of the government; he might even frequent a public-house, where he could read a newspaper. Poverty—extreme poverty—

engenders degradation and ignorance, and degradation and ignorance are the reins of the bridle of servitude. The middle classes and common labourers are the principal contributors to the vortex of the Dutch exchequer. In Holland the poor man has to pay for the light which the sun gratuitously sends down; for the fireside at which he sits; for the fire itself; for his bread and for his meat; for soap and for salt; all these articles of necessity are taxed in that land, and the Dutchman who sees his cattle exported to England, can obtain cheaper meat in London than in Amsterdam!

But more than all these melancholy circumstances, an exasperating rumour which was getting form and substance daily, threw every protestant into fury, and one had only to touch this tune, to hear vociferated a strain of maledictions and execrations against the paternal king. The rumour was, that king Willem intended to marry one of the women of his *entourage*—the Countess Henriette d'Oultremont, formerly chamberlady to his late Queen, and that woman was, oh! horror,

a Roman catholic. The religious hatred which he himself had kindled in the breasts of his protestant subjects was immense, and no greater crime could be imagined in a king, at whose voice they hurried to the field of battle, in deadly strife against their catholic brethren of the southern provinces, than to think of such a desecrating matrimonial alliance.

Busts and pictures representing Willem I. disappeared from many hotels and private dwellings, and not a few of them were broken to pieces or thrown into the flames. At that time, probably, not one protestant in a thousand was to be found in Holland, possessing sufficient toleration, enlightenment, and philosophy to look with an impartial eye on the king's intended marriage. Despising the tyrant and mourning the state into which his unscrupulous misdeeds had plunged their country, these few, unprejudiced by religious rancour, grieved that an effete man of seven *decades*, with one foot in the grave, could thus sacrifice the nimbus of his supposed virtues, and his reputation of being a wise

man, to the faded attractions of a woman, who, in Brussels, ten or more years previously, had been the *bonne amie* of his *own* son and heir-apparent.

CHAPTER III.

Jonker R. L. Van Andringa de Kempenaer.—The Prince of Orange a dangerous conspirator against his father. The "Hadelsblad," "Arnhemsche Courant," "Noord Brabander," and "Vlissingsche Courant."—Suicide of the Editor, Van der Biezen.

During the same time that I was in search of information about the state of the public mind in Holland, another person, then as unknown to me as I was a stranger to him, was strolling from place to place with intentions somewhat analagous to my own;—that person was Jonker R. L. Van Andringa de Kempenaer, who afterwards closed his life in a fearful catastrophe. He has for a grave—far removed from the human eye—the secret recesses of the treacherous ocean, and for a coffin that ill-fated vessel the "City of Glasgow."

It is a fact, leading to serious reflection, that in States where hereditary power is established the heir-apparent becomes, so soon as he has reached a certain state of manhood, the enemy of his father. I know there have been exceptions; but very few indeed. This filial hostility is one of the many arguments against the introduction of hereditary power, proving, as it does, that it is unnatural in its consequences. Never did there exist more animosity and rage, often difficult of restraint, between father and son, than between Willem I. and the prince of Orange. Some years before the time I am speaking of De Kempenaer was dishonourably dismissed by Willem I. from the army in Java, and now he was the principal favourite and confidant of the prince of Orange.

Our first meeting together, unintentionally on both sides, happened to be in Leeuwarden, the chief town of the province of Friesland. De Kempenaer was then about forty years of age, and was a strong-built man, stout, not very tall, with regular features, and a keen piercing eye; he had,

however, neither in his gait nor in his manners, that which distinguished the real gentleman. He was either very retired or too communicative in his conversation; and when excited by excess of wine or by contradiction, he swaggered as a braggadocia, and his language became extremely vulgar and disgusting. He then uttered the most shocking blasphemies and the lowest sort of expressions. Choleric, irritable, and unsociable, he had no friends, and not one person in the world upon whom he could rely. Even the parasites who surrounded him in his days of glory and influence, could not long submit to his ribaldry and whimsical temper. He often exhibited the same roughness in the company of well-educated persons, as in that of worthless characters. He was not ashamed, in broad daylight, to walk in the streets of the Hague, where everyone knew him, in company with notorious swell-mobsmen and unfortunate girls. His relations, who were very respectable, had broken off all connection with him, and considered him as a stain on their pedigree. He was not

generous, but prodigal; for he threw his money entirely away when he was tippling or when he had a political or a lustful object in view. This man spent heaps of gold unscrupulously, and I feel confident I am not going beyond the bounds of truth in stating that king Willem II. paid for his silence of former services at least half a million of guilders! The royal gifts, first freely given and latterly exacted, were chiefly spent in nocturnal bacchanals of the most repulsive description, or lost at the *roulette* table at German watering-places. It could not be denied that De Kempenaer was possessed of a vast amount of personal courage, for he had, during the time he served as lieutenant-adjutant at Java, given the most unequivocal proofs of his undaunted firmness and *vaillance*. It was for his bravery that he received the Dutch "Militaire Willems-Orde." Willem II., on his ascending the throne, reinstated him in his rank and honours, and gave the utmost publicity to that act, one of the first of his reign. De Kempenaer, however, had no inclination to return as a subal-

tern officer to the East Indies, but continued to reside in the Hague, apparently in favour with his protector, who would much rather have dispensed with his services, after he had once succeeded in obtaining his father's throne. With his natural valour De Kempenaer would probably have been an excellent officer commanding a troop of Bashi Bazouks, but for any other station in life he was totally unfit.

Although only a novice in the tortuous sloughs of politics and conspiracy when chance threw me in the way of De Kempenaer, I nevertheless soon discovered that in him I had to deal with a secret agent of the prince of Orange. I plainly revealed my opinions, nor did he contradict me, or deny the truth of my assertions. He only requested me not to divulge a word about him or his mission. He was in possession of a number of pamphlets and caricatures, all respecting the king, which he was clandestinely circulating. One of the most vehement and lewd doggerels I ever saw published had for its title:—"Willem Kaaskop en Jetje Donder-

mond"—("William Cheesehead and Harriett Thundermouth"), and contained a series of invectives and accusations against the king and the Countess d'Oultremont, calculated to work upon the inexperienced classes. Unprincipled lampooners and poetasters had been engaged to cover the head of the old king Willem with ignominy. But not one of their productions appeared to attract the attention of sharp-eyed justice; at least no serious attempts were made to discover the printing-offices from which these secret ephemera were issued. They were first read amongst friends and acquaintances, but soon publicly sold, and afterwards even exhibited, with the publisher's name, in booksellers' shops, chiefly in Amsterdam. The magistrate of that town appeared to be cognizant of, or complicated in the plot, as it was also in that place where all the libels were printed. The Countess d'Oultremont was so vilified by these productions, that she dared not show herself any longer in society nor in the streets, and she left Holland before her grey-haired adorer.

De Kempenaer endeavoured to induce me not to give to the "Tolk" a downright republican character or tendency. "Write as much as you think proper," said he, "against Willem I. and his government. Never mind the consequences as regards yourself. You have *carte blanche*. Assist us in our plans. You are the only person in the northern provinces who can efficiently do it. Give life and unanimity to the people's desire that the old dotard abdicates in favour of his successor, who is generally beloved, and whose reign will be as beneficial to his countrymen as his father's conduct has been pernicious to his subjects." There was consequently no doubt that the prince of Orange gave the impulse to and endeavoured to turn to his own advantage the general excitement. This reminded me involuntarily of his proclamation of European fame, addressed to the Belgians during the early part of the revolution of 1830, while the prince was in Antwerp, in which he said, "*Je me mets à la tête du mouvement*"—"I put myself at the head of the movement,"—a movement which

his father called a rebellion, and against which the prince turned, so soon as he experienced the painful conviction that it was *too late*, and that the sway of Orange-Nassau, even if represented by him, had become an impossibility in that beautiful country. Setting aside his conspiracies against his father, I knew nothing at that time concerning the prince, which did not plead to his advantage, and I could, therefore, easily give my word that I would not depreciate the good qualities of the ambitious aspirant to the Dutch throne. Other newspapers, the then leaders of public opinion in Holland, were more decidedly won in the interest of the prince of Orange. They were the *Vlissingsche Courant*, the *Arnhemsche Courant*, the *Noord Brabander*, and the *Amsterdammer Courant* or *Algemeen Handelsblad*. The compilers of these journals were afterwards faithfully rewarded by Willem II., not, however—owing to the advice or remonstrance of his ministers—to the extent they had expected. The editor of the *Vlissingsche Courant*, whose name I do not recol-

lect, obtained an inferior provincial situation. The talented writer of the *Arnhemsche Courant*, Roest Van Limburg, was appointed ambassador at the not very pleasant court of Athens. Jan Wap, (known as the author of a "Voyage to Rome") editor of the *Noord Brabander*, a catholic journal, written in an excellent sarcastic style, got a mensual allotment of 300 guilders. The editor of the *Algemeen Handelsblad*, for many years the principal journal in Holland, and, notwithstanding its vacillations, the most influential organ, had a royal bounty bestowed upon him, was afterwards decorated and received, in course of time, even crosses of foreign monarchs, and through the king's (Willem II.) ascendancy, was also appointed consul for two or three minor States. The thicker the honours, however, showered upon this editor, the more unhappy he became. It would appear as if his conscience would not allow him to enjoy any peace. That man—Van der Biezen was his name—was of unknown origin till he started as editor of the *Algemeen Handelsblad*. In the beginning of

his editorship in 1830, he was actually rather roughly pushed from the Amsterdam exchange; but being a highly-gifted person, he soon made his journal the first newspaper in the realm, and he gained importance in the same degree as the *Handelsblad* acquired influence. His pecuniary affairs also prospered by it, not directly, however,—for the proprietors, Diederichs Brothers, did not pay him an extravagant salary—but indirectly, in cleverly promoting the views and interests of his mercantile protectors. The idea of his own venality preying too heavily on his mind, while on a tour through Germany, he threw himself from the steamer conveying him, into the Rhine, and in the watery embrace of that swiftly-flowing river he breathed his last. A considerable sum was offered and paid for his corpse, but weeks elapsed before the disfigured remains of the wretched man were discovered. As his widow was now in possession of the momentous private correspondence he formerly kept up with persons of high standing, and even with king Willem II, the chief, or manager

of Holland's secret police, M. D'Engelbronner, was sent to Amsterdam; he returned with the dangerous papers in his possession—I believe it was in 1847—but, strange to say, not long after he had left Amsterdam the widow was found dead in her room; and a *post-mortem* examination having been made, an opinion was declared that she died of poison, and a suspicion was pretty generally expressed that the greater portion of the considerable fortune which her husband had left her had disappeared with the letters. The Director of Police in Amsterdam made a *procès-verbal* about the mysterious death, and the circumstances connected with it, but all further inquiries were quashed—orders to that effect having been issued from the highest quarters. I cannot say by whose hand or by what means the unfortunate woman met her death, but this much I know, that I saw and read, in the beginning of 1850, a letter dated from Rotterdam, addressed to the Dutch Minister of Justice, Nedermeijer Van Rosenthal, and signed D. B. Adrian, a person formerly in favour

with Willem II., in which the writer positively and plainly asserted that D'Engelbronner poisoned Madame Van Der Biezen. I also heard from the mouth of that minister himself that he had received such a letter, and I know likewise that no proceedings were taken, either against the alleged murderer or against the writer of such a most serious accusation. *

I was not longer than three days in Leeuwarden, but I did not leave the place without having gathered some useful information. I parted with Jonker de Kempenaer on very good terms; and having returned to Groningen, I made all necessary arrangements for an early publication of the *Tolk der Vryheid*, which from the very beginning had a sufficient number of subscribers to support itself.

* Article 373 of the Penal Code says:—"All who bring a false imputation before the officers of the justice of the government or of the police, against one or more persons, shall be punished with imprisonment from a month to a year, and a fine from one hundred to three thousand francs."

CHAPTER IV.

General System of the Government of Willem I.—Taxation.—Justice.—Secret Police.—The Press.

On a former occasion I denounced the iniquitous fiscal system in Holland, which victimises the industrious and toiling classes. I will now add, that as a general rule it may be laid down that the whole machine of taxation is so contrived as to put the heaviest burden on the shoulders of labour, in whatever shape it may be, and to exempt wealthy idleness, arrogance, and uselessness, as much as possible, from all contributions to the exigencies of the public treasure. This must the more be felt in a country where, in comparison of population, taxes are more burthensome than in any other part of the world,

England not excepted. In round figures, three millions of inhabitants have to pay between sixty and seventy millions of guilders per annum; and it must be borne in mind that this sum is exclusively for the state, and that there are two other taxes, provincial and communal. In some instances these latter amount to 75 per cent. of the first, or even more. Besides all the taxes and rates which directly affect the necessaries of life, another onerous imposition falls hard upon the retail trade in general. No Dutch tradesman can sell a single article without having previously paid a certain sum for his *patent* or license. The amount of these sums varies according to the average want of the merchandise the tradesman intends to sell. Inn and public-house keepers, grocers and bakers, are the first on the catalogue. Then follow the hawkers, shoemakers, white and blacksmiths, sail-makers, tailors, druggists, carpenters, millers, chimney-sweeps, and others. Annual fairs are as national in Holland as in the Flanders, but in the former country a double imposition

weighs upon all people, who will risk a small sum of money in them; for not only have they to pay the fee for a patent, valuable for the occasion only, but also the communal authorities for the space of ground on which their booths or tents are erected.

As no income-tax exists in Holland, the numerous idle couponholders are exempt from all the onerous burthens laid upon the industrious active man, always ready to do good with the largesses given to him by fortune. All factories—in a word, all establishments of industry—have to bring their peculiar oblations to the altar of the inclement and insatiable fisc.

The principle that he who has most should pay most is reversed in Holland.

Payment of taxes should give a right to a policy of insurance against bad government and oppression; but this also is not the case in Holland. Even the revenue officers are specimens of petty tyrants; and were they not, their directors, inspectors, comptrollers, searchers, or other *ors* or *ers*, would soon have them removed or dismissed. With such a

fiscal system, a large number of officers is required, who absorb a great deal of the taxes; and meanwhile the ratepayers, with broken hearts, part with their hard-earned thrift. In spite of this number of officers, however, smuggling has never been put an end to.

The general system of the government of Willem I. was *de facto* autocratic. The ministers, as said before, were royal clerks, and the majority of the members of the Staten-General were not the representatives of the nation, but of the Crown. The election of the representatives was a shameful derision. A certain number of inhabitants, paying a certain sum as taxes, had a right to vote; these voters could choose an elector, the electors chose their town-councillors, and the town-council at last were deemed purified enough in the filter of sham election to choose their member for the Second Chamber of the Staten-General; while the king himself chose and appointed the members of the First Chamber of that honourable body.

As regards the law and judiciary system, this was in perfect harmony with the machine of government. Laws in general could not be said to have been constructed with a view to prevent crimes, and to ameliorate the moral condition of the people; but with the conspicuous complacency to give the executors of these laws every opportunity to punish, and to put the fate of their fellow-creature in their hands. The organisation of the jurisdiction is as follows: Every province possesses a Provincial Court, consisting of, besides a president, vice-president, attorney, &c., from seven to nine judges; every district has a Districts-Tribunal, with from three to five judges, with the exception of Amsterdam, which has twelve; every canton has a Canton-Tribunal for police or petty civil affairs; and above all these institutions is the High Council or High Court of the Netherlands, which rules in the last resort, and against whose decisions there is no appeal. This High Court has from twelve to fourteen judges. Their salary is 4,500 guilders or £375 per annum; whilst the

judges in the Provincial Courts have from 2,000 to 3,000 guilders per annum, (chiefly according to the population of the province); and the judges in the District-Tribunals enjoy from 1,300 to 2,000 guilders per annum. I should not have particularized these different salaries, were it not that the paltriness of them affords the means of degrading the stipendiaries to tools of despotism, to Tiberian *instrumenti regni*. All these judges are appointed indiscriminately and directly by the king, with the exception of the judges of the High Court, who are appointed, always by the king, out of a list of five candidates nominated by the Staten-General. It is to the head of the government alone that the Dutch judges look for promotion, rewards, and decorations, not only for themselves, but also for their sons, brothers, cousins, and other relations; for it is easy to be conceived that nepotism and favouritism flourish in such a soil. The judiciary power in Holland may be considered as one great family in the service of the man who guides the rudder of the ship of state. The members

of that family are instinctive and implacable foes of every free-minded and courageous editor or author, who is in bad odour with their patron or his immediate successor. It is, however, but fair to mention that there are exceptions; and it is certainly true that Holland possesses judges who for no consideration in the world would betray their solemn duties, or deviate a hair's breadth from the voice of their consciences; judges, in short, worthy of that grave, signification-bearing name. But then these are as a few pearls scattered over a nauseating dunghill. When it is taken into consideration that a *jury* is a thing unknown in Holland; that venality is prevalent among subaltern judges; that the orders for preventive arrest emanate from the District Tribunals; that the concession of only two (the majority of three) of these inferior judges is required for such order, and that, especially in puffed-up political cases, this *preventive* arrest (viz., incarceration without condemnation) is stretched for months and even for longer than a-year, without any trial whatever—

when all this is taken into consideration, a faint idea may be formed of the distribution of justice in Holland.

Hand-in-hand with this abominable phantom of justice goes that hideous monster, "Secret Police." The central den of that enigmatical being is in the ministry of justice, and, therefore, in the right place. The minister himself is thereputed head of this dark contrivance against the tranquillity, the happiness, and the freedom of all unsubjugated individuals; but the mere superficial knowledge these often-changing excellencies can boast of would answer no essential purpose, had they not an experienced guide in that gloomy labyrinth, well acquainted with all the peculiarities of its mazy grounds. This guide is the manager of the secret police; he is the minister's *factotum*. His eye penetrates the whole infamous traffic, and his hand holds the keys of all its manifold ramifications. Commonly he occupies, as D'Engelbronner, the dignity of *referendaris*. He may even, after many years' service, be appointed secretary-general, and then he is the highest in rank

under the minister. The nature of his employment does not often allow him to retire from office, till life retires from him. During his long career he wraps many a noble heart in despair, and stifles many an exalted and generous aspiration. But the reverberation of the misery he expends takes form in his dull features, and the more his breast pants with the unquenchable thirst of creating unhappiness, the more unhappy does he feel himself. Immediately under his orders are the sub-directors, for the greater part commissaries of police and superannuated members of the Dutch Hermandad, and these are in direct contact with the active secret agents and underlings. The latter have either to forward or to give verbally their reports at specified times, and to communicate at once with their chiefs in cases of emergency. Only the isolated and highest of the initiated, if the word *high* may be allowed here, are in direct correspondence with the ministry. All receive their pay from their immediate chiefs, and *sub quator oculæ*. Taking them as a body,

the common secret police agents are divided into first and second classes; but to these must be added another category, viz., the "provoking agents." The first-class agents visit sometimes the places where no sub-director resides, or live at the principal towns, as the Hague, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam. They not only frequent hotels, taverns, coffee-houses, balls, concerts, and theatres, but often succeed in being introduced into respectable private families. The second class frequent the lower gin and beer-shops, endeavour to win the confidence of the servants of persons of quality, and mix up in all quarrels. The other class consists of those stains on human nature who have a refined aptitude to rouse, with diabolical intentions, the indignation and anger of even the most peaceable and good-hearted man. They know by their experience how to wound and irritate the righteous, the straightforward, the imprudent, the brave, the sensible, aye! even the coward and indolent. Commonly there will come into the dispute between the provoking agent and

the victim of the secret police, accidentally as it would appear, but actually by long premeditated and understood concert, two or three other persons, who join in the scuffle which follows, and afterwards appear as witnesses against the man who must be sacrificed, and with their friend, the provoker, frequently commit the most shocking perjury. Ordinary cases of this kind pass unnoticed by the continental press. Only in very remarkable instances are the names of witnesses published; and the *agent provocateur* can carry on his wicked trade a long time before any suspicion is attached to his name.

A free-thinking and free-acting individual is a marked man on the Continent; but should he, moreover, have the abilities and the courage to write for his compatriots, and openly take up the gauntlet for right against wrong, then he is considered to be imminently dangerous. Every sort of underhand dealing, the most artful Machiavelism can imagine, is brought into requisition against such champions of liberty and truth. Could

you but speak from your early tombs, my friends De Thouars and Van Bevervoorde, your words would create a shudder of abhorrence all over the world. You both had, as I had, the felon's chains pressed round your wrists; you both had, like myself, to suffer in prison, in company with criminals of every shade; but you! you succumbed and left me alone.* But in order not to anticipate upon the revelations I have to record, I shall retake the thread of my narrative. The several kinds of machinations to which the free and tyranny-despising man is exposed, are too numerous and too complicated to warrant a minute and elaborate description in this work. Nevertheless, as I proceed, many conclusive examples will be brought to light, to convey to the reader's mind an idea of their true nature. The

* The Marquis de Thouars was related to the family of Orange Nassau. This, however, did not deter them from prosecuting and condemning him, and sending him, without even a trial, from the northern to the southern parts of the kingdom, handcuffed and fastened to convicts. He was my colloborator in 1844 and 1845, and died, an exile, in Hanover, in 1850.

secret police aims not only at the political death of her enemies, but also at their social ruin. *Destruction;* that is their *parole.* As the private foes of the different members of the secret police frequently share the fate of the persons deemed dangerous to the state, this contrivance does not seldom surpass itself in flagitiousness. The prey chosen by the government or by the secret corps is never long to perceive that something is going on, and that unknown tongues slander him. In case he is in a dependent position, and his reputation is not yet established, but only favourably progressing, he will soon discover that his credit is rapidly declining. He may be a lost man if the unmerited rebukes or upbraidings of his former acquaintances or protectors afflict him. He is often ruined, if he has not the ready means to live upon, or establish himself in another country. Even if he has an accredited name, he is in danger of losing it, should he fail to discover in time from which quarter the treacherous storm threatens. If he is married he may for ever lose either his wife

or her affection and his domestic bliss; for the secret police have most seducing creatures of the tender sex at their disposal, and the victim may be brought into irresistible company, introduced by a *friend*, whilst at an appointed moment a second *friend* accidentally appears with the victim's wife.

Editors of free-principled journals have still other adversaries. Like all governments, the Dutch has its own newspapers. The principal of these prints, in the latter days of Willem I., was the *Avondbode*, a daily journal, receiving princely support from the old king. That it was with the people's money is of course understood. It is also a matter of course that the organs of despotic governments may say what they think proper, without having to fear the slightest result from law proceedings, and that the contrary applies to the organs of public opinion. The editor of one of the latter can never safely write an article without having his manuscript framed in the different laws on the press; and he is compelled to read it over and over again in order to avoid the

many explications and susceptible stipulations of these double-faced laws, stopping at least within 45 degrees of their apparent compass. The principal Dutch laws on the press are those of 16th May, 1829, and 1st June, 1830. They are commonly called "occasion laws," for they were made for and pointed against the Belgian "rebels;" but ultimately they answered wonderfully well in Holland. Besides these there is the *Code Napoleon*, exactly as it emanated from the cabinet of the French emperor, in February, 1812, the Dutch government having been quite busy ever since 1815 in projecting another Penal Code, but up to this time without the desired success. However excellent Napoleon's Code is in many respects, nothing can be more iniquitous or dangerous to an editor than article 368, which was adapted to the emperor's tyrannical arrangements with reference to the press, but forms a malicious contrast to the spirit of the Dutch constitution, which proclaims that the press is free. According to the title of the code to which that article belongs, "any false im-

putation" is a libel. Nothing more just than that definition. But then article 368 says, "Any imputation shall be considered false to the confirmation of which the proof (or conviction) *required by law* is not produced, consequently the accuser shall not have any claims to a trial of the imputed case on that occasion." According to the Dutch judges, and, as it appears, in conformity with the above code, the *proof required by law* is a *magisterial* conviction and sentence—nothing more, nothing less. Do not speak about *your* proofs ; what signifies *yourself !* for you are not allowed to prove what you have said, though your case be as clear as the noon-day sun. You and others may see a crime committed. Well, should the perpetrator be a friend of the judges of your place, and the latter do not feel inclined to bring him into trouble, you have only publicly to relate or to publish in a newspaper what you have seen with your own eyes, and it is *you* who are sent to prison, perhaps for five years, and the actual criminal, who appears as a witness against you, titters when he hears

the sentence pronounced by his honest friends.

I really think I have not said too much in calling such practices "harassing prosecutions." A hundred times preferable a country like Russia, despotic, but loyal, than to vegetate in a land where according to the constitution the press is free, but where nothing is left undone to bring a confident author, who enters the arena of liberal principles, into the net of perdition, and where the writer, who is becoming too subtle to be openly caught in the traps of mock-justice, must every night expect an armed attack of hired assassins. I speak on the authority of personal experience.

CHAPTER V.

Ludicrous Scenes in a *Wafelkraam*.—Uproar in Groningen.—Arrest and Preventive Imprisonment.—Suicide of Lieutenant-Colonel Franck.—The Dutch Army and Navy.

THE regular publication of the *Tolk der Vryheid* commenced in the end of March. I began my task with the impetus of a young and vigorous mind, and burning with the desire of being useful to my country. During the whole time I had the management of the paper it was written with unflinching courage. But it had not made its appearance more than six weeks when an equally unforeseen and unexpected event made a sudden interruption in its publication. Mention has already been made of Dutch

fairs; I must now speak particularly of the Groningen fair or kermis of May, 1840. It was one of the most jocular I ever witnessed; the entire population appeared to have laid aside their grief and pain, and to enjoy the fourteen days *fête* with delight. On one evening I was present at the performance of a troop of comedians from the province of Holland. To give them a mark of my appreciation of their play, I invited three of the actors the same night to supper. They, together with the publisher of the *Tolk*, Jan Bolt, went with me to my house, where they partook freely of wine. We conversed about the drama, had some very innocent music, and enjoyed ourselves quite peaceably, not a word about politics having been uttered. We left my house together and sallied forth to the *kermis*, which is usually frequented during the whole night. At these fairs they have wooden houses or tents, with two or three neatly-arranged apartments for customers. The proprietors travel from one *kermis* to another, selling different kinds of pastry; the chief article,

however, being a light, exquisite cake, called in French *gauffre*, and in Dutch *wafel*, from which is derived the word *wafelkraam*, the name by which these moveable houses are known. We seated ourselves in one of them, kept by a woman commonly called "Doove Saar,"—"Deaf Sarah;" and after the lapse of a few minutes we were joined by other merry-makers. There was rather too much of hilariating wine to drench the *wafels*. "I drink," cried a student, "I drink, gentlemen, the corporal extension of his august Nihility, Willem Kaaskop." A roar of laughter followed this singular toast. After silence had been restored another kermis-fellow filled his glass and proposed, "Long live the Republic." I entreated the company not to repeat any of those exclamations, which, although they bore witness to the excellence of their political opinions, nevertheless could not fail to be productive of more harm than good. Order and silence succeeded my admonition, but only for a few minutes. On the chimney-piece of the wafelkraam stood a large, well-executed, full-

length likeness of the Prince of Orange, and one of the mirthful friends observed that such a fellow was obnoxious to our company, and suggested that he should be turned out. The company seeing nothing unreasonable in the proposal, Doove Saar was summoned to appear before her customers. But Saar was a staunch friend and supporter of Orange-Nassau, and she peremptorily refused to degrade the prince by removing his portrait. Thereupon Fetz, the son of an *employé* in the Hague, one of the actors who had been supping with me, jumped on the bar of the *wafelkraam*, and tried to pull the picture from its place. But at that moment Saar advanced with the utensil which she nightly used in baking her cakes, which was double-bladed and red-hot, and coming behind him swore that she would "beefsteak" him if he did not desist. It was a most singular scene. Outside, the door nothing but darkness; at the side of the door and the bar a large, lustrous, flaming fire; on the bar a slender young man of extraordinary procerity, shaking the prince of Orange;

behind him Fury Saar with her vulcanic implement; the fury herself surrounded by a cycloop and half a dozen of skittish *junones;* and in the perspective a number of frolicsome *kermisgasten.** On Saar proceeding to execute her threat, everyone was ready to put her out of doors and take to her trade himself. She, however, amidst indescribable confusion, at last consented to take her cherished prince away. Again the glasses were filled to the brim, and glee and raillery prevailed; but it did not last long. Another of the company proposed that the prince of Orange should be again brought in, in order to be hung. Things taking rather an earnest turn, and my publisher, Jan Bolt, who, as well as myself, had hitherto kept aloof, now also joining in the obstreperous cry of "Down with the king!" and "Long live the Republic!"—I considered it prudent to retire, and accordingly left the *wafelkraam* and went home.

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* "Guests of the fair," as they are called in Holland and Flanders.

It was scarcely seven in the morning when a person belonging to the printing-office awoke me, bringing the sad intelligence that the *wafelkraam* company had been made prisoners, one of them being Bolt. I soon learnt that after I had left them, they continued their mad-brained work, and increased it to some extent. . . The police, skulking around the bacchanals, too timid to interfere themselves, had informed the justices and the military authorities of what was going on. In consequence of these reports the garrison was ordered to be ready at a moment's notice, a strong detachment was sent out to the place of tumult, and the *kermisgasten*, very wisely, surrendered without capitulation. I walked through the principal streets, and everywhere met numerous patrols. Groningen had, all of a sudden, assumed the appearance of a town in a state of siege. The brawl of some twenty-five young men at a kermis feast had caused so much apprehension in the narrow minds of the authoritative pigmies, that they fancied their very safety was at stake. Fear,

indeed, is at the bottom of the heart of every continental despot, and it forms not less the precipitate in the bosoms of his satellites and drivelling slaves. I had not taken the slightest part in the foolhardy freaks of the kermisgasten; and my leaving their company was a proof, I trusted, of my non-approval of their conduct. Amongst the persons who participated in this nocturnal uproar were some who were related to the magistrates, and this circumstance I considered equivalent to an order for the release of all the quasi-delinquents. Seeing, however, that the population were in a state of excitement, I was convinced that my absence from town for a few days was desirable, for the sake of the prisoners as well as for the restoration of tranquillity. An acquaintance of mine, residing in Harlingen, about fifty miles from Groningen, had repeatedly invited me to pay him a visit, and I thought I could not do better than turn the present occasion to account. On my way thither, in the first village from Groningen, I called upon Mr. Guykema, a school-

master, whom I knew, and requested him to convey a message to my friends in Groningen, in which I made arrangements for the regular publication of the paper during my short absence, and told them where I intended going. The schoolmaster gave his children a holiday, but he, himself, generally considered to be a steady man, took something more than a holiday; at least he never reached my friends, but having to pass the attractions of the kermis, got intoxicated, fell into the gutter, and he, too, was locked up. This mischance carried my letter into the hands of the sbires, who, of course, considered that it was addressed to themselves.

I had spent two happy and quiet days in Harlingen, and intended returning the next morning to Groningen; but I had not the remotest idea that my intention would be *forced* into execution. However, so it was. An unaccustomed pull at my arm awoke me early the next morning, and on opening my eyes I beheld one of the most odd-looking aberrations of nature it is possible to imagine. Simpering as are those inquisitorial tools on

the continent when catching, as they magnify it, a "good bird," the extremities of the cut in his octagonal head, representing a mouth, nearly reached his ear-laps, and the elliptic eyes, whose apples were swimming in red and yellow-coloured filth, were in perfect horizontal unison with the parallel below. The nostrils of this caricature, larger than his goggle eyes, kept a constant look-out for the prominent chin, and his narrow, furrowed forehead was overshadowed by bunches of gnarled, sandy hair. As regards his neck, the complement of it was absorbed by his undulated body, the latter having, once in possession of the region between ears and shoulders, likewise intruded upon the unconscientiousness of the spindle-shanked legs. The fellow was in plain clothes, but after I had become quite awake and could believe what I saw, he exhibited from under his cloak a rusty sword, and said, "You do not know me, friend; look here, I am *pro justitia, and you are my man.*" I asked him for the warrant ordering my apprehension; he had none. I then requested him to bring

me before the Harlingen magistrate, to hear the accusation. "Useless," he said, "you have committed your crime in Groningen, and it is thither we are going to transport you." I saw that in order to avoid all public scandal, the only way was to submit to the rusty sword and its parodical bearer. He declared he would treat me as his brother, give me as much liberty as I desired, and allow nobody to know that I was his prisoner, if I would promise him not to run away. At that moment I could have killed the cowardly monsters who, in the name of the law, had deprived me of my liberty, without right, reason, or even a plausible pretext; but I could not but pity and laugh at the poor, infatuated, queer-shaped understrapper who had arrested me. I made him drink during our passage from Harlingen to Leeuwarden, where, with my own assistance, he delivered me over to the gaoler.

During the six years which I had served in the army I had never received the slightest reprimand, much less had I been punished

with arrest or imprisonment; and it was in Leeuwarden, in the same town where I had met De Kempenaer five months previously, that I received the first mortifying impression of solitary confinement.

Fathomless is the chasm between life and death, but nothing can be more painful to the breast of a freedom-adoring man, filling him with strange and nameless emotions, than the sudden, unexpected, undeserved transition from heyday life to passive prison existence; and verily, next to that dark, mysterious passage from time to eternity, ranges in awfulness the change from liberty to interment in a living tomb. My first hours of incarceration were a series of solemn meditations, and far, far in the nebulous spheres of immateriality wandered my pensive mind. After ruminating for some time, reality appeared before me, and I began to contemplate my new position from the humorous side. "*Tempori aptari decet*" philosophised I, and stretched myself on the straw mattress, which kindly rendered me the same service as my own bed was wont to do.

The next morning another officer, also in plain clothes, came to fetch me, having received orders to take me to Groningen. He was a comely, good-looking man, and treated me with the greatest civility. The conveyance was, as the day before, by water. As our barge approached Groningen, I saw thousands of people, evidently waiting my arrival. Nearly the whole force of the Groningen police was also there, and received me with all becoming ceremony. Different parties endeavoured to accost me, but the Hermandad, forming a square around their prisoner, kept them at a respectful distance. Unconcerned, as if I was assisting at an ovation, and peacefully smoking a small pipe, I trod along the streets leading to the prison with my guardians. There again an immense crowd had assembled. The *deurwaarder*, or doorkeeper, a sort of summoner who is charged with the execution of warrants and the preservation of order in the justice-courts, stood, with the gaoler and other ambiguous gentlemen, at the entrance of my new residence, and the former was just commencing

a speech to me, when I turned them all on one side, regardless of the nonsense he intended braying in the name of the king. It was getting late in the evening, and, being rather tired, I requested the gaoler to take me to my cell. I crept into the hammock prepared for me, but as my limbs had never before been subjected to such an apology for a bed, the swinging brought me to the ground, and I was obliged to summon the gaoler back, when he threw my straw mattress on the floor, and I quickly flung myself upon it. Glad that my transplantation from the Leeuwarden to the Groningen *cachot* had taken place, I slept sweetly as a saint. On awaking the next morning, I found that the obliging gaoler had provided me with very dark lodgings. In fact they were the darkest in the entire building, as the occupier of the next cell, with whom I was able to converse, assured me. This temporary neighbour of mine, Mr. De Bruyn, was not a common prisoner; he was a gentleman of some education. "He never," he said, "had committed anything so low as a theft, he had

only subjected his mother to a genteel thrashing, and for that filial entertainment the magistrates had kindly treated him to a month's imprisonment, of which nearly three weeks were already behind his back." Mr. De Bruyn also informed me that Bolt, the publisher of the *Tolk*, had been there two days, but in another wing of the gaol, that he had heard of the *wafelkraam-revolution*, and that all the other persons implicated in that jesting tumult had been set at liberty. That news made me desirous of knowing upon what ground my publisher and I had been thrown into prison. As soon as I had light enough in my cell to read, I took the document containing the charges against me, and which had been handed to me the evening before, and found the following allegations: First, A riot had taken place in a wafelkraam. Second, That the journal, called the *Tolk der Vryheid*, was written in a spirit to provoke revolution; and thirdly, That a paper had been found in my house headed "Project of an association called the republican association." These

elements of persecution, properly jumbled, were strong enough in the eyes of Dutch judges to commit us preventively to prison, and to take as authority for so doing article 91 of the Penal Code, which punishes with death every individual who causes or makes an attempt to cause civil war, by bringing one citizen in arms against another; or who causes devastation, pillage, and murder, in one or more of the parishes of the realm. Yes it was so,—the capital punishment was looming in the future, and the gallows stood at a distance! I flung the paper from me as if it were infected, and cursed the miscreants who could so far forget themselves as to put their names to it. I had been two days an occupant of that dark hole, when one of the honorary local inspectors of the prison paid me a visit, and ordered the keeper of the gaol to give me the best place in the building—which was the room in which the students of the Groningen University were locked up, when they had had some skirmish with the police or other officers of justice.

I found that it faced the street and was altogether a convenient apartment. The day after I had taken possession of the room, voices of well-known persons, apparently informed that I was there, called out to me from the street that my ancient military chief, Lieutenant-Colonel Franck, just returned from Braband, had committed suicide that same morning. Bewildered and perplexed by this melancholy intelligence, many days elapsed before I recovered my self-possession. I had been the youthful friend of that noble man; he had no secrets from me; I was to him as a confiding son to his father. Never did I revere a mortal being more than I did him. The reflection that, perhaps, I could have prevented that fearful catastrophe, and that my incarceration had probably given the last impulse to the accomplishment of the fearful deed, overwhelmed me with anguish and sorrow. I frequented his house after leaving the army as often as before; and during the last eight or nine months of his life, since the germ of

the *ideé fixe* of self-destruction had tormented his soul, I had been more than once successful in banishing the sinister project from his mind.

It has been received as a maxim that he who destroys his mortal existence is a coward, lacking courage to keep up against the lashings of fate; and that suicide is an abominable action. I fully contradict the first assertion. It is not here the place to set forth metaphysical demonstrations; but as an example I can affirm that there never breathed a more chivalrous, intrepid, and brave man than Lieutenant-Colonel Franck. Of him it could be said that he had the courage of a lion with the meekness of a lamb. He had been one of Napoleon's faithful soldiers, was several times wounded, and in one of the last struggles preceding the capitulation of Paris, in 1814, was left for dead on the field of battle, divested of his uniform, which the plundering Cossacks had taken from him. Not able to re-assume his duties at an earlier time, he returned to Holland after Waterloo had decided Europe's destiny, and was, although

a captain of cavalry under Napoleon, incorporated as captain of infantry in the Dutch army. He was in Groningen when the revolution in Belgium burst out, and the government confided to him the organization of the eighth regiment of infantry, of which he commanded the depôt. This regiment was the strongest in the Dutch army, numbering at times above 6,000 men. All the recruits and young soldiers were drilled under his indefatigable care before they joined the army in the field.

Lieutenant-Colonel Franck was considered one of the most meritorious soldiers in the army. Napoleon himself gave him the decoration of the Legion of Honour; Willem of Holland made him Chevalier of the Order of the Lion of the Netherlands. The idea that he was led to the fatal step through cowardice is at once preposterous and disingenuous. As regards the reprehensibility of the act, doubtless suicide is always deplorable and disapprovable; but there are circumstances in human life that go far to extenuate it. An exalted idea of honour, certainly not un-

creditable in a valiant and frank soldier, coupled with the inveighing sentiment that *his* honour had been stained, without any chance of military revenge being left,—that was the cause of Franck's untimely end.*

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* The officers of the Dutch army will probably read with interest the following details connected with this remarkable suicide. Franck and the colonel commanding the regiment, afterwards Major-General Hulst, were inveterate deadly foes. There never transpired a word of enmity in their private correspondence, but it existed nevertheless. Their antipathetical difference in character, disposition, temper, and career originated it. Franck never could forget that Colonel Jan Hulst was nothing but a simple apothecary in 1813, and owed his rapid promotions, not to military virtue, but to civil acquirements and intrigue. Franck was the type of a brave soldier, Hulst that of a clever *administrateur*. What the one was, the other was not. Franck would have made an excellent commander of brigade in time of war; Hulst, an eminent minister of war in time of peace. I saw myself the confidential letters in which the command of the *Algemeen Depot der Landmagt*, No. 33, was positively promised to Franck. Whatever may have been the plot against his nomination, the ministry of that time was much to blame. A man who always kept his word, he surely deserved that a minister should be a man of his word with him. Lieutenant-Colonel Franck assured me over and over

He had been for the last nine years the first commanding officer in Groningen. As soon as peace had been definitely concluded, the staff of the regiment was ordered to the same place, and the colonel commanding

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again that Colonel Hulst, and he alone, was his calumniator. On one evening, I believe in February, 1840, I found him dreadfully agitated. He had been the same afternoon in private conversation with the colonel, and had plainly explained his griefs. Not receiving a satisfactory reply, he had alluded to the use of arms, but the colonel had evaded the question. Thereupon he had formally challenged him, but no answer was returned. Such unmanly conduct made him furious, and he flung his glove in the colonel's face. But even that could not move the colonel. Franck then jumped up and intended to force him to accept fight in the colonel's own room, where all this took place, but Hulst dexterously rang the bell, the adjutant-lieutenant appeared, and Colonel Hulst wished Lieutenant-Colonel Franck a good evening, smiling as if the interview had been of the friendliest kind. On that fatal afternoon the brave man broke his heart. "What can I do," said he, "he is my superior. I have now tried the last expedient; I have no choice more!" . . . Exactly two years afterwards I was conversing with Major-General Hulst, then retired on his pension in Nymwegen. He contradicted nearly all the above statements; told me that Franck had even paid him a visit

the regiment was from that moment the principal military authority. Foreseeing that issue, Lieutenant-Colonel Franck had applied for and obtained, more than a year before, a special audience with the minister of war, who gave him his word that, eventually, the command of the general depôt of the land forces, No. 33, in Hardenwyke, should be given to him. But intrigue conspired against his prospects; the minister forgot what he had so faithfully promised, and Franck was appointed *local* commandant of Breda.

Franck was a beautiful model of hero-like countenance and deportment, and had, although fifty years of age, all the vigour, health, and activity of a man of forty. To

after having been in Breda, to take the local command of that town and fortress, and during his short leave of absence in Groningen had applied for his advice how to behave against the officers who made it a custom to walk in plain clothes through the streets, &c. *Who* spoke the truth? On the day that the noble soldier should have returned to Breda, his mutilated corpse was buried, without any military honours, in a corner of the new churchyard near Groningen.

be doomed under such circumstances to hold a sinecure, to live, as he called it, "the life of a snail," all in consequence of disgraceful cabal, was too much for that open, that generous, that true soldier's heart. He shot himself on Whitsunday, 1840, in the same room where he said to me, "Let them not try to humiliate and to exasperate me; my children are grown up; and for them and my wife provision is made. As regards myself, I have nothing serious upon my conscience, and I can appear at any time before my God." Nobody, not even his own wife, suspected that behind the placid and serene physiognomy of that beloved and respected man a design of self-destruction was ripening.

The Dutch army and navy, each taken as a body, are comparatively in an efficient and good disciplined condition. Old soldiers of Napoleon have imparted the true military spirit into the army, and the *esprit de corps* has survived the introduction of heterogeneous elements. The campaign of 1830 proved that when enthusiasm quickens his

step, the Dutch soldier, reckless of life, is obstinate in the fight, and will conquer or die. The navy, although it has irretrievably lost its glorious, republican prestige of the seventeenth century, still preserves that intrepidity and heroic courage, which distinguished it in the days of De Ruyter, Trump, Van Galen, Van Nes, and so many other naval celebrities. But it must at the same time be avowed that nepotism and favouritism, which, as before stated, pervade all other branches of the public service, are also cancerating the army and navy. If it is a general rule that reward ought to be bestowed upon merit alone, especially is the system applicable to the military forces of a country. That mean and soldier-dishonouring practice of purchasing commissions is abolished everywhere except in Great Britain; but the appointing of young and inexperienced or unmeritorious men, belonging to place-hunting and caballing families, to the most coveted situations and employments in the navy as well as in the army, to the prejudice of faithful veterans, crushes the

martial mind and sows the seed of discontent, of which the ultimate results, although not attended by calamities, as in the case of the brave Franck, cannot but be highly dangerous to military discipline and efficiency.

CHAPTER VI.

A Drama Composed in a Prison-Cell.—Sufferings in Gaol.—Prosecutions against the *Tolk der Vryheid*.—Its Editor Liberated.

THE three indictments brought against me were these: the riotous jollity of other persons at the Groningen fair, the general terror of the *Tolk der Vryheid*, and the existence of a piece of paper, discovered in my study, relating to a project of a republican association. The nature of that midnight squabble has already been described. I had taken no part in it, and those who had, and had been arrested, were, with the exception of Bolt, liberated. As for the general tenor of the *Tolk*, there was not a single paragraph in that paper suggestive of civil war, devasta-

tion, murder, or plunder, or exciting to sedition, rebellion, or revolution. Hence the accusation did not point out any particular article or even expression, but took the "general tenor." Now, as regards that every royalistic crew with dismal choking incubus "republic," well that word was written on a small piece of tawny foolscap, headed, as before stated, "Project of an association called the Republican Association," and they had extracted the sacrilegious document, in the shape of a *chiffon*, from a hamper containing nothing but waste paper. To wit, a most honourable trio, forming the quint-essence of the districts-tribunal (*arrondisements-regtbank*) had been raking through my books and papers during no less than thirty full hours. Disappointed at finding nothing likely to suit their purpose, they at last capsized, topsy-turvy, the old hamper, and nothing daunted by the intended destination of all the rumpled slips, took them piecemeal in their delicate hands, and thus it was that they made the momentous discovery of that serious-looking *chiffon*, which was at

once carefully raised from its forlorn place to an elevated position in the sanctuary of justice.

Under the paternal reign of Willem I., no meetings of more than twenty persons were allowed to take place. To make that despotic arrangement as illusory as possible, a plan was drawn out in "the project" to affiliate different societies of twenty persons, by forming of each of their directors an association of twenty persons, and so on. But here the project ended. Not a syllable was mentioned about the future proceedings of the societies or associations. All this was a complete blank. Moreover, besides my name which figured on the paper, was that of a candidate in the medicines, as chief directors of the embryo association; but he was not arrested. Did not the assiduous trio at least find mortars or cannons, shot or shell, powder or lead, guns, pistols, daggers, or knives in my house, to commit wholesale murder, or to commence a civil war? No, not even a cane, for I could not muster more than one at that time, and that one I had taken with me to Harlingen.

The judge of instruction, with his *greffier*, or clerk, had been twice in the prison to interrogate me; but I ridiculed the whole transaction. On one of those occasions, I told them that some papers of importance were secreted, and another fruitless search, both in my house and that of the publisher, followed. On a second occasion, I intimated to the clerk that I was sorry for what had transpired, but would take care to guard against a recurrence of it, provided they would allow me to be at large. Perceiving at last that they had been outwitted, and that, instead of intimidating me with the prison and their threats of capital punishment, they had only filled my breast with immense scorn; I was thereupon left alone.

After I had been two weeks in prison, the principal actors of the Groningen theatre were introduced into my cell, and very politely requested me, in the name of the directors, to compose a drama, to be represented on the 28th August, 1840, in commemoration of the same day of the year 1672. Groningen has not much of warlike

renown, neither has she produced any great military genius; but better than either of these, she can boast of many learned men, who were born within her walls, or belonged to her university.* The fortified town, however, once sustained a protracted siege, and repulsed a powerful enemy, in a manner which will for ever redound to her honour. That was in 1672. To show his gratitude for the hospitality he had enjoyed in Holland, as an exile, the base and treacherous English king, Charles II., concluded an alliance with Louis XIV. of France, the bishop of Munster, and the Prince-elector of Cologne. While the English naval forces attacked the Dutch fleet, Louis XIV. invaded the southern provinces of the republic, and the bishop of Munster, with an army of 40,000 men, overran the eastern and northern parts of the unprepared country, taking every town and fortress, until he came before Groningen. He besieged the place during four weeks,

* Rudolph Agricola, whose name is familiar to English *savants*, was one of them.

and bombarded it very heavily. But he was so well received as to be compelled to beat a disgraceful retreat, after having lost a considerable number of troops and a great quantity of ammunition. The defence of Groningen was entrusted to a brave general called Rabenhaupt, but the garrison was not very strong, and it was mainly to the heroism of its inhabitants and of the students that the town owed its salvation. Being in possession of most trustworthy and important records, I had, two years previously, published a history of the remarkable siege, and was consequently well acquainted with the facts relating thereto. The 28th of August, the day on which the belligerent bishop broke up his camp, had ever afterwards been a day of much public rejoicing. The great French revolution interrupted these annual festivities; but the patriotic spirit of Groningen revived them in 1835, and subsequent to that time more than one literary celebrity of Groningen had composed a drama appropriate to the occasion. Some of them had been performed at the theatre, but all had not met with such

success as had been anticipated. I confess that I felt myself highly flattered by the application made by the *personnel* of the stage, so much the more as I could consider it a signal proof that my incarceration was looked upon rather as distinguishing than as disgracing me. There was another reason why I accepted the proposal with pleasure. I knew that when once I had promised to finish the piece early enough to be studied for representation, I should have but very little time left to brood over the baneful iniquity of my persecutors, and thus save myself a considerable degree of excitement. For although I endeavoured to construe the whole shameful affair into a practical joke, there were moments, especially when my thoughts were riveted upon the end of poor Franck, and the uncertainty of the duration of my confinement, that I could not restrain myself; and more than once an involuntary roar of rage burst forth from my cell, and resounded through the most remote apartments of the abode of desolation. Meanwhile I was busily engaged in the composition of

the drama, and scarcely a single day passed that I had not the pleasure of some company. These visits could not be long, but nevertheless they were very agreeable. Even ladies, whom I had previously known only by sight, honoured me with their cheering presence; and I was at first not a little surprised to find, every time the tender sex had quitted my cell, letters, verses, wine, and even beefsteaks concealed in my bed. The gaoler, knowing who they were, did not think proper to ask them, on crossing his threshold, whether they had anything contraband about them; and although there was always a turnkey in my presence when a visitor came, they so well contrived to stow their presents clandestinely between my blankets, as almost to induce me to believe they had been accustomed to prison-life. Never was a beefsteak despatched with a better mixture of gastronomic and sympathetic delight; and never was a sparkling glass of wine filled to the honour of the female sex, and on which a bright eye shone, drunk with more enthusiasm!

There was not of course the slightest

secret about the whole accusations concocted against my publisher, Bolt, and myself; we were, nevertheless, not allowed to see or to write to each other. But we kept up a regular correspondence for all that. It was permitted that we could change our books, which we pretended to read alternately, whenever we chose. I wrote, the first time, within the cover of the book I sent to Bolt, a certain number, indicating the page where, as I had told him by another prisoner who occasionally saw him, he had to commence studying. There he found every letter required to spell the words I had to convey to him, perforated with a sharp-pointed pin, and by holding the paper against the light he could easily make out all that I had to communicate, and Bolt wrote to me in the same manner. At the conclusion of every letter we gave the number of the page we intended to commence next time. The morose gaoler was very particular in matters of communication; he always carefully examined the books himself before he passed them from one prisoner to the other, but the wily fellow never sus-

pected that he had all along been our letter-carrier!

Not satisfied, as it would appear, with charging me with high treason, and with giving me the perspective of my death on a gibbet, the gallant Tribunal of Groningen threw a few more accusations into the bargain. They asserted, as the summoner told me —for I would not even touch the abominable papers myself—that I had committed libel, as well against the burgomaster of the village Ten Boer, as against my friend King Willem I. I must here remark, that the slightest insult, or what the Dutch judges can twist to something like it, in reference to such a personage as their royal master, is constituted a libel; and he who in Holland says "Down with the King!" without even addible elucidation whether he means the King residing in the Hague, or his *confrère* in Honolulu, is unmercifully condemned to an imprisonment of two years as *minimum*, and to five years as *maximum*. Such is the soft, paternal chastisement for the first delinquency; for the second and following, an

ascending scale is put into requisition. If I recollect rightly, I had offended the old crown-bearer by stating that, in the latter part of November, 1813, on his arrival from England to Schevemingen, he was not worth half-a-crown, and had so cleverly managed his affairs that in twenty-five years from that time he had scraped together and hoarded up above two hundred millions of guilders; that he had not too faithfully adhered to the spirit of the constitution, defective as it was; and that, perhaps, the inhabitants of North Netherland would have been in better circumstances if they had followed the example set them by South Netherland in 1830, instead of spending their money and spilling their blood in defence of Orange-Nassau! The accusation regarding libel committed against the burgomaster or mayor of the village of Ten Boer, produces a striking illustration of Dutch equity, and of what now constitutes the crime of libel in a country once renowned for its freedom of the press. A provincial resolution, confirmed by the central government, had declared that all

children above five years of age, if not prevented by illness, should be sent to school, to receive primitive education in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and that the cost of such tuition, in case the parents could not afford the payment, should be borne by the parish. This regulation in itself was very commendable. But it frequently happened that the few good institutions of Holland were perverted by the arrogance and tyranny of petty despots. So it was at Ten Boer. A poor labourer, residing in the village, whose wages amounted to sixpence a-day, owed a few shillings schoolmoney for two of his children, and having no means whatever of his own, he applied to the burgomaster to be exonerated from payment. Instead, however, of arranging matters with his assessors, to defray the small debt of the poor man out of the parochial funds, bills were posted all over the village announcing that the labourer's furniture would be sold by public authority. I was informed of what was going on, and caused a gentleman to be present at the sale, and to act according to circumstances.

He found the family in misery and despair. It was in the morning of the day that the sale was to take place. The mother was sitting at a small table—the only one they had—her face suffused with tears, endeavouring to find consolation in the pages of the Bible; whilst the father and his children were looking around as if they dreaded at every moment the greatest calamity which could befall them. Indeed they had nothing in the world but what that hut contained. The hour of the public auction drew near, and higher and higher rose their intense anguish. At length the sale had concluded. The amount of the debt was five shillings and eightpence. To recover that amount the parish—that is, the ratepayers—were charged, for different expenses connected with the sale, the sum of one pound twelve shillings, in such a way sacrificed and misemployed by their burgomaster. But for the *Tolk der Vryheid* the industrious family would have been degraded to vagabonds. In the name of the direction of the *Tolk*, all the confiscated articles were bought

up and returned to the poor creatures. I, moreover, set a subscription on foot, and not long afterwards the labourer, his wife and children, were in better circumstances than they had ever been before.* It was very natural that I should expose the conduct of such a magistrate. After having given an exact account of my interference in the unhappy affair, I more especially called the attention of my readers to the huffish and inhuman treatment the poor inhabitants of Ten Boer had been subjected to by him who should have been the first to protect them; and I further gave it as my opinion, that if burgomasters were chosen by the citizens or by the inhabitants themselves, instead of by the king, such monstrosities would probably never occur. I described the conduct of the magistrate as scandalous, barbarous, and inhuman; and without overlooking becoming decency, made

* Even the *Katholyke Nederlandsche Stemmen*, then a very interesting hebdomadal production, published in Grave (or de Graafe), although exclusively devoted to Catholic interests, forwarded its contribution to the relief of the wretched family.

use of the strongest terms of indignation. The burgomaster himself was very coy after publicity had been given to his culpable behaviour, undoubtedly fully convinced that, to stigmatize it deservedly, too much could not possibly be said. He seemed even to be ashamed of the affair, and commenced a better line of conduct towards his villagers. But the myrmidons of the Dutch justice were not satisfied. They came forward with article 222 of the penal code, stipulating that anybody who verbally or in writing offends a public officer, either in the execution of his functions, or on account of that execution, should be sent to gaol. The Dutch justices do not want the assent of the quasi-offended party; without any complaint of the latter, they go to work on their own accord. They exult in the power they possess to commit any one to prison for a term of two years, who, speaking of a public officer, and alluding to his official acts, only says that he behaved badly, or something equivalent to such an expression. In the case I have alluded to, I was prosecuted, and, as here-

after will be seen, condemned, although I had saved an unfortunate despairing family from ruin, and substituted comfort and gladness into their dwelling; although I had made of the burgomaster, who constantly declined to appear against me, a seemingly better man. All my exertions the Groningen districts-tribunal deemed worthy of being rewarded with imprisonment. Is not that a striking illustration of Dutch equity?

I had never seen, nor did I know, the Groningen gaol-keeper before I was sent to prison. He was, however, instinctively my foe, and I had more than one opportunity of convincing myself that he would be only too happy to place me in another cell. The heart of that mean, sullen, peevish dwarf delighted in the abjectedness of his prisoners, and the deep-drawn sigh of a lamenting man, or the sobs and throes of a wretched woman, created a corresponding degree of hellish rapture in the perpendicular furrows of his yellow, long, and thin, but squabbish, down-hanging cheeks. Two years before I fell into his hands, a certain Okko Kluin, a young crimi-

nal, had been condemned to death, and, according to what I was informed by one of the warders, the gaol-keeper had on that occasion spent hours together, listening at the door of the unfortunate culprit's cell, after he had been informed that there was no hope on earth left for him, and he every night burst out into the most piercing screams and tremulous shrieks of agony. On my being released from the guardianship of this Cerberus, he could not help exclaiming—"I have never been glad when one of my prisoners was liberated. You make an exception; I am happy to see you go." In that expression lay the misanthrope's soul—if soul he had. He was happy that I left, because I had been unsubdued, and had had courage to rebel at the vile attempts to dishearten me.

It was about the sixth week of my occupancy of the best room in the gaol, when the keeper came hurriedly in, telling me that I had at once to shift to another cell. I was just then diligently working at the most difficult part of my drama, and requested,

therefore, to have my *délogement* postponed. The reason, however, which I assigned for the postponement was exactly the principal reason he had for my being removed without a moment's delay. By what means I know not, but somehow the gaol-keeper had prevailed upon the overseers of the prison to grant his application for my removal. I had, of course, nothing to do but to submit. Left to his tender mercy, I was hurled with my books and papers into the narrowest hole the prison contained, a cell in which, usually, the dirtiest and filthiest thieves and vagrants were locked up. It was about five feet wide by nine feet long, and facing the yard. As in every other cell, there was a closet in that small place; and when I lay down on the floor, with a handful of straw under my aching limbs, either my head or my feet touched it. Too disdainful to lament or complain, I conformed myself again to circumstances. I never ate but when the keenest hunger was torturing my stomach; I never drank but when my throat was nearly burning, and my lips parched with thirst. For-

tunately the sun only darted his beams into that dreadful *cachot* during an hour or two daily. Fortunately also I could keep the window open by night as well as by day. Not once was it shut during the time I had to breathe the loathsome exhalations and the putrefied air of that cell, where there was no ventilation whatever, not even sufficient to drive away the smallest particle of the poisonous evaporations, other than through the agency of my lungs. In that den, nevertheless, I finished my work for the Groningen theatre. I completed it by constantly writing from daybreak till the time the greater part of the prisoners went to the spinning-room, opposite my cell. Then the rough imprecations, the vulgar quarrels, and the lewd songs of some forty or fifty wretches, prevented every attempt to form a series of ideas. During the time I was kept in this place, I could see nobody but in the common speaking-room, where visitors usually communicated with the prisoners. At first the gaoler refused me all access; but the actors having been

informed where I was, forced a way for themselves to the yard, and asked me whether I approved of their intention to report the keeper's conduct to the proper quarter. The scoundrel himself followed, and I told him imperatively that he had better allow me to communicate with them, or to expect the consequences of his breach of duty and meanness. He hesitated for a moment, but soon unlocked the stench hole. From that day I apostrophised him, and treated him with burlesque and contempt on every occasion that offered. Before long the effect this had on the other prisoners was manifest; his appearance produced a ferocious yell, and at last neither he, nor his wife or daughters, ventured again into the yard.

It was a beautiful evening,—the evening of Saturday, the 1st of August, 1840. I stood gazing through the apertures of the window of my dreary abode. The last visible cloud had disappeared, and darkness had begun to cover the hemisphere. The occupants of the prison were gone to their hammocks, and all was silent as death. The

events of the past few weeks were passing through my mind. It was nearly ten o'clock, when a warder appeared and requested me to follow him into the office, where my presence was required. I found there, in company with the gaoler, the same summoner whom I had seen on my arrival at the prison. He had received orders to communicate to my publisher and myself that we were *free!* Without any condemnation we had been incarcerated; without any trial or acquittal we were liberated! Seventy horrible days were gone. Seventy days were required by Dutch justice to discover, with the most valuable royalistic intentions in the world, that they could not send us for trial,—nothing existing to be tried. And these seventy days of liberty were stolen from us without our having any claim for the slightest redress. Other persons, when the order for their release was given, quitted the prison by day time; but as our incarceration had made a general sensation, we were not allowed to leave before late in the night. The order for our arrest had been made as

public as possible; the order for our discharge was kept as private as possible. Thousands of persons accompanied us to the gaol; not a single individual went with us from there to our homes. We were noiselessly, secretly, smuggled out of the prison into which we had been thrown, with all the imposing display and ostentation of a pack of gallows-dogs, as the Groningen policemen were called,

CHAPTER VII.

Major Van Baerle.—Plan of a Revolution and Overthrow of the Dynasty of Orange Nassau.—Belgian Newspapers.—Eeckma, Zielker, and Rienks, Collaborateurs to the *Tolk*.—Its Editor sentenced to Five Years' Imprisonment.—Jan Bolt, the publisher.

I WENT quietly home on the evening of my deliverance. The fresh night-air, inhaled after ten week's close confinement, made me giddy. Not having slept a single hour consecutively all the time I had been locked up, owing to the fœtid fumes which hung on the condensed evaporations of the moisty soil of that sickening den, I longed for a good night's rest and the refreshment of a clean and well-aired bed. The next morning I went to the house of Major Van Baerle. I

did not find him at home, but was told that he had gone to one of his farm-houses, about three miles from town. I decided on going thither, and paying him my first visit, as he had been the foremost of all to soften the hardships of my confinement, and take care that I was well provided with the commodities which a gaol existence could afford. Major Van Baerle was, in common life, one of the most irritable, and, when excited, violent tempers. Not nature, commerce with men had made him so. Cruel disappointment and sad experience, which would have turned the head of an ordinary man, had given him an exasperated character, and a propensity to quarrel, even about mere trifles. Van Baerle had served with distinction in the cavalry, but having, on different occasions, disagreed with his superior, a man of very slender capacity, owing his position to a relation at court, he became disgusted with the service and retired into private life. He was himself of an ancient noble family; but he hated and despised the aristocracy, both of birth and of money, to

an extreme degree. He avoided all intercourse with persons making a claim of belonging to the so-called higher classes, and especially the haughty descendants of those blood-suckers of the Dutch nation, who, half-starved in Germany during the disgusting sway of the last stadtholder, coxcomb Willem V., poured into Holland, with nothing in the world but the words *Herr* and *Von* before their names, and found a ready protector and supporter in that scourge of the last days of the republic of the United Provinces—the Duke of Brunswick—the friend of the stadtholder's wife. The authorities, and, in fact, nearly all the public *employés* in Groningen, were well acquainted with Van Baerle's inflammable temper, but instead of letting him alone, as he did others when not provoked, they played him all possible vexatious tricks, whenever they had an opportunity of doing so, and it was at any time very rare that he was not entangled in one or another process of law. Just as he never appeared in any particular aristocratic circle, so he did not

frequent places of ordinary public resort. It was only accidentally that he ever entered any hotel or public-houses; but if it happened that he fell amongst a lot of old, steady smokers and submissive clerks, he soon made them decamp, by his cursing the government, censuring Orange Nassau, and vilifying the aristocracy. Major Van Baerle, however, was quite another man in his own house, where repose, calmness, and happiness reigned, and his passions slumbered. His dutiful wife and his obedient children loved and respected him, and, surrounded by these dear ties, he enjoyed quiet, comfort, and contentment. I usually spent one or two afternoons of the week with them, and had always excellent entertainment. Van Baerle was a tall, thin person, had a dark, penetrating eye, and a lively mien and gait. He was not only a thorough theoretical but also a practical soldier. He had a vast amount of general knowledge, and was an adept at politics. We commonly discussed a subject of public interest, and after having agreed upon the different points, composed an article

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for the *Tolk der Vryheid*, comprising the drift of the conclusions our deliberations had led us into. It was very natural that in those days of excitement and incertitude our discourses chiefly turned on the delicate question of revolution. We were of the same opinion about the "desirability" of the re-establishment of the Republic, confederate but more centralized than the commonwealth of the Seven United Provinces, with perpetual banishment of Orange Nassau, abolition of aristocracy, and emancipation of the toiling classes. Van Baerle was a man of property, and could have raised a large amount of money, the *nervus rerum* of such enterprises; he possessed all the military talent and tact to organize a revolutionary army; he had a clear insight into the artificial construction of state machinery, but he had against him, in the preparation of his plan, want of sufficient popularity, and in the execution the commonly-entertained belief that he would be too cruel and spill too much blood. We oftentimes maturely investigated the *pros* and *cons* of the

undertaking; but I always hesitated to come to a positive understanding and resolution with him. Van Baerle was exulted on seeing me unexpectedly restored to liberty. He did all that he could to make the first day of my re-appearance a feast for me, and I spent a happy Sunday in his company.

Late in the evening of the Saturday, exactly a week after my discharge from prison, I received an anonymous invitation to assist at a secret meeting of persons, all—as the invitation ran—devoted to the interests I had in view. The text of the epistle was couched in rather mysterious terms. I resolved, nevertheless, to attend at the place appointed, which was in the vicinity of the gaol. I was ushered into a large room, the windows of which appeared to be hermetically closed; for there was no other light than that of half a dozen tapers. The principal wall was covered with black drapery, and the *ensemble* had a solemn aspect. About twenty persons were assembled, only three or four of whom I had ever conjointly spoken to, the greater number being entirely un-

known to me. One of the former pointed out his friends to me, and gave me their names and other particulars. When I had been introduced to all, I was informed that they were assembled, and had invited me to that room to hear my opinion about a plan for at once overturning the existing government. The whole scheme was then laid before me, and every required explanation given. It would be uninteresting to the reader to enter into all the details of that complicated conspiracy. But the most important arrangements were, that the wooden stables of the cavalry (unoccupied, as there was no cavalry then in Groningen), standing at the north-east side of the Ebbingeboog, should be set on fire, and that the flames should be the signal for opening the town-gates for the armed men from different parts of the province, four to five thousand of whom could be relied upon; that so soon as a part of the garrison, which was not strong, should arrive at the scene of the conflagration, the general alarm should be given by chiming and tolling the bells, and sending

escorted drummers through the streets; that the moment a sufficient number of men had flocked together a rush should be made on the magazines and arsenals, and that a general armament of the inhabitants should immediately follow; that then the military barracks should be attacked, and the soldiers, who were for the greater part belonging to the town or the province of Groningen, should be invited and summoned to make common cause with the republicans, or to depose their arms and go to their homes, and that at the same time the town-house should be opened and invested (occupied) by a provisional government, sitting in permanency. One of the first acts of this government was to be the proclamation of the republic of the Netherlands, with an appeal to all patriots to join their Groningen brethren, or to follow their example. The town once in possession of the republicans, a flying corps was to be immediately organised for the country around Groningen, to enlist every volunteer coming from other provinces. Many soldiers, without exactly knowing what was plotted

in the dark, had received intimation that, in case of civil troubles, their imitating and assisting the inhabitants would be beneficial to them. Others had relations or friends amongst the citizens, and their aid was secured beforehand. The individuals entrusted with the keeping of the ammunition, of which there was a large stock after the disbanding of the majority of the army, in 1839, were on the side of the republicans, and muskets, cannons, lead and powder could be obtained without even a skirmish. All the main streets of Groningen end in the large market-place, on which was (and is still) situated the new and spacious Town-hall. The military hospital is near the market-place, but the perspicuity of Willem's government had allowed the principal barracks, then occupied, to be erected as much as possible at the extremity of the fortified place. If even the entire garrison, which was highly improbable, had turned against the rising, success must, reasonably speaking, have favoured the conspirators, inasmuch as for every street leading to the market-place a com-

mittee of a few trustworthy persons was appointed, who had to guard the egresses as soon as ordered. "Although," said one of the company, "you have not heard from us during your captivity, we have counted the days you suffered in that dreadful edifice, not far from here. What we have prepared —what we have done—you see. We submit our work to you." There was a pause for a few seconds, when another rose and spoke to this effect: "As far as we can judge, everything is ready. We only want a head and a will. The time is come; the circumstances we have to go through may be difficult; events may intervene requiring superior ability, a sound mind and firmness. The command of the new state of things cannot be entrusted but to a man of the people,—an enemy to our oppressors, and a friend of liberty and progress. He must have the knowledge to concert and the courage to carry out his measures." After more introductory and explanatory speeches, it was proposed that I should be the leader of the insurrection and the dictator of the

provisional government. "No better opportunity," continued another, addressing himself to me, "could ever have offered itself. You deliver the nation from degrading thraldom, open brighter prospects, revive the spirits and reanimate the hearts of thousands now groaning under dishonouring servitude. Now or never is the time. Let us be what our forefathers were,—warm patriots and stubborn republicans. A handful of *Watergenzen* conquered, two hundred and seventy years ago, the small sea-port Den Briel, and from that day the doom of Spanish tyranny was decided in our country. Our ancestors fought eighty years for their rights and freedom; let the cry of liberty now be raised from our important town,—from the north instead of from the south,—and we may drive Orange Nassau in as many days from our shores. You hold at the same time the means of revenge in your hands; punish those worse than worthless beings who, in the garb of priests of Themis, trample on right and law, and cringe as slaves at the feet of a mouldered throne, surrounded by

vice, and kept together by mean and base flatterers, who fatten upon the sweat and blood of the laborious Dutchman!"

I hesitated in giving a decided answer. I insisted upon delay, in order to have a few days for consideration; but the reply was, that all preparations and arrangements had been made in such a way that no delay could be thought of, and that the only question was my *yes* or *no*. They had fancied I would not have hesitated a moment in accepting their offer, but would receive and adhere to the plan with an enthusiasm at least equal to their own. They had flattered themselves that I should have been agreeably surprised at finding that everything was ready and solely waiting for me. I gave them to understand that, as the conspiracy was set on foot not only without my participating in it, but, likewise, without my knowledge, I had a perfect right to act as I thought proper, not being bound by any ties. The noblest intentions had, doubtless, actuated and prompted them to action, and, unacquainted with my character, they

had counted upon my readiness. But certainly I must know whether I considered myself able to regulate a revolution having for its object the overthrow of nearly all the existing institutions, and the introduction of new ones in their place. My courage was perhaps adequate to the task, but my experience was not. I had seriously to consider what amount of responsibility I undertook by accepting their proposal unconditionally. That responsibility involved from the very outset the lives of hundreds and thousands of my fellow-countrymen. I therefore felt compelled to decline the offer for the present, requested them to postpone the execution of their plans, to keep everything as secret as possible, and to dispose of me the moment another province or town rose in arms, or as soon as we *together* had agreed upon and fixed a day for the engagement.

The reasons which I assigned for my negative reply were unobjectionable. There were other considerations which I kept to myself. It occurred to me that among the

conspirators there might be one or more bribed to lay a trap for me, in order that justice might substantiate the reality, for the shadow of which she had not shrunk to threaten me with capital punishment. I could not positively know at that time, as I knew later, that those apprehensions had no foundation, and that all the conspirators were of good faith. The fact also that I had no men of my own choice around me to share the accomplishment of the work, and that I had taken no part in the formation of the plot myself, held me back from taking a precipitate resolution. Even the interview I had had with De Kempenaer had some weight in the scale of my deliberations.

To attempt to prove here that the enterprise must have been crowned with success,—circumstances of a most extraordinary kind excepted,—would surpass the limits of this book. I can, however, say that, as regards myself, I afterwards had not the slightest doubt as to the result. The issue, I am confident, could not but have been in

our favour, had I at once taken the lead of the conspiracy. Disinterested and patriotic men, of ability and influence would, as I subsequently ascertained, have joined us at the first outbreak. Within three days the two Northern provinces would have been in arms and in open revolt, and it was very probable that other provinces would have followed the example.

The *Tolk der Vryheid* soon made its reappearance, and subscribers poured in from all parts. The glaring injustice of my imprisonment was in this respect attended by pleasing consequences. I put myself in correspondence with Republican parties in other countries. The *Patriote Belge*, published in Brussels, and edited by Adolphe Bartels,—one of the few Belgian Republicans who never deserted his banner—regularly translated and re-produced the most important leaders of the *Tolk*. The *Vaderlander*, a Flemish newspaper published in Ghent, the *Wekker*, another Flemish periodical, did the same. Collaborateurs or contributors offered themselves from all parts. The most active

of them, not writing under a pseudo-name, were Eeckma, a doctor of medicine in Hogezand; Jan Freerks Zielken, a farmer in New Beerta; and Rienks, a schoolmaster in Westerkwartier, all in the province of Groningen. Doctor Eeckma was an indefatigable writer, and, although he had an extensive practice as a medical man, penned many excellent articles for my journal. He preferred criticising provincial regulations and bye-laws, which, on the Continent, not unfrequently exceed in vexatiousness the instructions of despotic governments. He was a clever and honest man, always acting according to his convictions. Selfishness was unknown to him; he was an able advocate, not for his own but for the public interest. The farmer proved to be of another alloy. At the time he commenced writing for the *Tolk*, he was more a *raisonneur* than a rhetorician, and so he continued to be. He had a good deal of general knowledge, but very superficial knowledge it was, and so that continued to be. As, however, the democratic element was prominent in his writings, I

inserted them after careful clipping, weeding, and grafting. He was delighted when he saw "J. F. Zylker" printed under his metamorphosed articles, dressed up in a republican style, of which he himself did not possess the mould. The *Tolk der Vryheid* gave him popularity, and with that popularity he wandered, during the revolutionary days of 1848, into the Staten-General, where he has ever since retained a seat. Ensuing pages will give a better insight into the character of the man. Mr. Rienks —I called him my friend Æsopus*—was not so fortunate, although more witty than Mr. Zylker. He once inserted in an article the letter W, with five points behind it, and the Dutch judge said that could mean nothing but Willem,—of course, King Willem,—and sentenced him to four months'

* On account of his exterior, as well as for his allegorical poetry. His verses on the occasion of the abdication of Willem I.,—"*De Kapiteiu van het schip Yeduld draagt het gezag aan Ziju Zoon op.*" "The master of the vessel 'Patience' gives the command up to his son," which I published in the *Tolk*, was received with much applause.

imprisonment for every point, as well as for the W, making a general total of two years, during which time the poor schoolmaster was locked up in the central house of correction in Hoorn. Rienks would probably have made a better representative than Zylker; it was, however, not his destiny, and he returned, after an execrable confinement amongst malefactors, to his former vocation of rural schoolmaster.

The effect the journal created in Groningen became daily more manifest. Petty tyrants who knew themselves hated by the people never ventured into the streets after sunset. Accumulators of sinecures and unscrupulous hoarders of government salaries and bounties were shouted at in the broad face of daylight, with the epithet "Landopreters"—"Devourers of the Country." No cavalry had been stationed in Groningen during the last twenty years, but half a regiment of Lancers now came unexpectedly, reinforcing the garrison. Their appearance created quite a sensation, but caused no disturbances.

My drama, "Rabenhaupt," was duly performed on the 28th of August, and was much applauded. Four weeks had elapsed since the supper put down in my stinking cell consisted of dry rye-bread and water; after the theatrical representation that evening, I sat down with a select company in a splendid saloon, partaking of a sumptuous supper, the joyous libations of which lasted till the next morning. Meanwhile, the Groningen District-Tribunal did not forget me nor the *wafelkraam*-revolution, as represented by my publisher, Jan Bolt. The principal enactors of that nocturnal debauch, however, were left undisturbed, and no further notice was taken of them. The publisher, myself, and only a few other persons, had to appear publicly at the bar of that formidable court. With the only exception of Bolt and myself, (and Fetz, who died,) all were acquitted. One of the accused, a young goldsmith, who was pointed out by the witnesses as having cried oftener and more vehemently than any other, "Down with the King!" was defended by a Jewish

barrister. That gentleman quoted at least fifty times the French adage, "*C'est le ton qui fait la musique*"—"The tune makes the music"—at the same time turning the whites of his large eyes to the ceiling. The goldsmith's throat had acted at the *wafelkraam* crying-concert as vocal trombone, which induced me to believe that the learned judges had a particular predilection for that instrument, and that the culprit was acquitted for the trombone's sake. Perchance, also—who knows?—it was the adage and the whites of the barrister's eyes which exculpated the goldsmith. The room where the public audience was held was so densely crowded, that the vitiated air became nearly suffocating, and the combined perspiration of so many individuals made the braces of the auditory shine through their coats. About dusk, a dense crowd began to surround the town-hall, where the District-Tribunal held its sittings. A scaffold had already been erected outside the wall, before the windows of the audience-room, and clusters of heads with lurking eyes were thrust through them.

At nightfall, small projectiles were flung against the building, and the scene was becoming more tumultuous, when the president postponed judgment till the next week. A jubilant multitude accompanied and followed me to the publisher's house, which was at a short distance. There they waited for a considerable time, but, in order to prevent useless demonstrations, I left the house by the back door, and made my way unnoticed to the society I was in the habit of frequenting. The next week the tribunal of Groningen administered two years' imprisonment to the printer and publisher, Bolt, and five ditto to me. The tribunal,—let it be fairly admitted,—could not well have decided otherwise, having previously hoped to be able to make out a bill for all the years and days of our natural lives.

CHAPTER VIII.

Further Proceedings against the *Tolk*.—Abdication of Willem I. as King of Netherland.—Retrospective View of his Reign.—Holland and Belgium and their Populations.—The Prince of Orange ascends the Throne as Willem II.—My Expatriation to Paris.

In correctional cases, like libel, nobody can be directly arrested to undergo the sentence passed upon him when he appeals to the Provincial Court, or when from that court he applies for repeal to the High Council. If the last body confirms the original sentence or the arrest of the provincial judges, the execution of it is further suspended by the supplication of the condemned to the head of the State for grace. In other cases, criminal as well as correctional, it is left to the discretion of

the judiciary authorities either to take the accused into safe custody, at any time from the day proceedings have been instituted against him, or to allow him to remain at large. Accordingly, persons of high standing in society, or, rather, men who are on good terms with the judges, are left in possession of their liberty during the whole time their process is going on; indifferent individuals, though it may be foreseen that they have to be acquitted for want of guilt, or of sufficient proof, are mercilessly thrown into gaol to pine away a certain number of days, weeks, and months, between hope and fear.

I consequently appealed to the Provincial Court of Groningen. The *Tolk* continued as undaunted after my five years' condemnation as before. It grew even bolder, so bold that the District-Tribunal of Groningen thought proper to prepare another strong dose of imprisonment for its editor. Indeed, a new indictment was soon cut out for me—the material being again libel against that beloved potentate Willem I. About that time the

confidant of the Prince of Orange, Jonker de Kempenaer, came unexpectedly into Groningen. He assured me that, although I had propagated republican ideas, and devoted my journal to the re-establishment of a commonwealth, and had not written in favour of the heir-presumptive to the throne, I might nevertheless look upon the prosecution of the zealous law-explorers from that point of view which would be best calculated to excite my hilarity. Willem I. had in those critical days a secret personal police as well as his son; and there was spying on both sides. The spies themselves spied upon each other reciprocally, but the old king's instruments did not work so well as the other hands. Those of the prince knew from those of the king that old Willem did not trust the northern provinces at all, and was afraid that rebellion against his rule would first raise its head in that part of the kingdom. The *Tolk*, therefore, by stimulating the popular dissatisfaction, and bringing the king a step nearer to the necessity of abdicating, had promoted the designs of the

Prince of Orange. All that I had to guard against, hinted De Kempenaer, was to avoid giving any pretext to the tribunal of Groningen for another *preventive* incarceration, and to be out of the way when the case of the paper was to be finally decided by the High Court.

Many years previously the liberal members of the Staten-General, as well as those of the press, had insisted upon a revision of the constitution; but Willem obstinately refused to listen to such an arrangement, having always been a decided and obstinate foe to all innovation. He was alert when he could bring into play a retrograde motion,* but deaf when there was any talk

* See chapter 2. As an instance of his retrogradism it may be mentioned that one of his first acts, as sovereign of the Netherlands, was the re-establishment of corporal punishment for criminals, viz., public whipping on a gibbet, and branding with red-hot irons under the gallows. These mediæval atrocities, so degrading to humanity, were abolished at the time of the French Revolution. Willem proclaimed his gratification that his subjects were fond of the *institutions of their forefathers*, and under that pretext thousands of criminals (even for

about progress. The constitution was established in 1815, and bore all the impressions of the first days of the Holy Alliance. After so many years of obstinate refusal to the introduction of any modification in the fundamental institutions of the State, he at length, in the summer of 1840, submitted a revision of the same to the States-General. But although the ameliorations he proposed to grant were of very small moment, and not tending to a system of liberality, the nation was well aware that even the insignificant alterations the old king suggested were in no way connected with the interests

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crimes considered in England as petty thefts) were, during his reign, whipped till the blood of the sufferers flowed copiously, and their backs were lashed to pulp, or the smell of their roasted flesh filled the noses of the callous-hearted witnesses of these horrid cruelties. The greater number of the backs thus lashed were branded at the same time. About a dozen hangmen congratulated the *pater patriæ* on his generosity in restoring the lash and the brand-mark. His improvement in their profession placed these speculators on human sufferings in better circumstances, and it was only fair that they should gratefully tender their thanks to the kind patron who had thus exhibited his good feelings towards them.

of his subjects, but only with his personal concerns. Nor was it long before his object was clearly brought to light. He abdicated on the plea that the new constitution he had made his faithful subjects a present of would introduce a system of governing to which he was not used, and that a younger and a firmer hand was now required to guide the rudder of state. It was for these reasons, continued he, that without any constraint whatever, and out of his own royal free will, he divested himself of all his dignities, and transmitted the crown and sceptre to his most beloved eldest son, the Prince of Orange. The whole drift of the brazen act of abdication was to induce the world to believe that he had sacrificed personal considerations to the exigencies of the times, and the wishes, the tranquillity, and the happiness of his faithful Dutch subjects. Hypocrisy inaugurated his reign, characterised it, and terminated it.

But what must that man have felt, even depraved and base as he was, the moment he took the pen in hand to sign his name

—for the last time as monarch? To divest himself of his despotic power, the consciousness of which so many years of unscrupulous exercise had interwoven in his very existence; to quit a throne he intended to occupy until the stroke of death should mow him down; to degrade himself from a reigning king of the Netherlands to a titular count of Nassau; to place his crown on the head, and his royal ermine round the shoulders of a man whom he scorned more than any other mortal being—and that man his own son; to be driven from his country by the indignation and contempt of millions, whom he was prone to consider as his marionettes—if that man could feel, what must he have felt!

Willem I. did not renounce his supreme dignity with the stoicism of a Sylla or the magnanimity of a Charles V. The reverse was the case. He did not retire; he absconded. He stole away from his residence, the Hague, and it was at his silent country-seat in *Het Loo*, in a thinly inhabited part of *Guelderland*, that, in the month of Octo-

ber, 1840, he invited a few ministers, and there, and in their presence, his trembling fingers scrawled six letters of the alphabet —and he had signed an act of abdication in name, but the doom of his long reign in reality!

Between the time of his appearance upon and his exit off the political stage, what a difference! High rolled the November waves of the main which carried him from banishment to Holland's shores; higher was the pitch of enthusiasm which bade him welcome; but higher than all rose the billows of a nation's resentment, which thrust him again into exile. Between *Scheveningen* and *Het Loo;* between the village of the royal residence and the hamlet of the homely country-seat, lay a quarter of a century. How many episodes had it wrought in which the king had played an unfair part! How many deplorable events belonging to that compass of time were originated by him! and how bitter, at last, was the fruit he reaped of his egotistic policy!

What was he and what could he have been? The fall of Napoleon allowed him to return to the country from which, twenty years before, he was banished by Holland's patriots. Foreign domination had pressed hard on Holland, and it had suffered intensely since the loss of its political existence and its annexation to France. Old feuds and animosities between patriots and Orangists were obliterated in the common belief that Willem of Orange-Nassau, brought up in the school of adversity, would prove the very man to heal the wounds which the military rule of a foreign despot had inflicted upon the country, and to restore the liberties, foster the industry, and increase the wealth of the people. His return was hailed as the commencement of an era of happiness. Holland proclaimed him prince-sovereign; within two years from that date the Vienna Congress made him king of the Netherlands. It cannot be denied that Holland and Belgium, united, with their noble races of nine millions, with their abundance of natural resources, their

industry, colonies, commerce, and shipping, would, under a liberal and skilful government, form a modern Phœnicia, and a better state of the first rank than Prussia. What land is better situated for the emporium of Europe's great commerce, or for communication by land and by sea with all parts of the world? What country is better populated, and produces a greater variety of natural wealth? Mix the good-meaning phlegm of the Dutchman with the light gaiety of the Belgian; the prudence of the former with the readiness of the latter—blend the two national characters, and where will you find a people happier to live with and easier to govern by an enlightened statesman?

King Willem's partial and impolitic proceedings with regard to his Roman Catholic subjects date almost from the commencement of his reign. As early as 1816 he caused a Catholic bishop to be condemned to the gibbet. As nearly three-fourths of the inhabitants of the Netherlands professed the faith of Rome, he should have abstained

from treating them with partiality, impudence, and contempt. A wise prince places himself above the differences in the rites and external observances of worshipping sects, and regards them with the unprejudiced mind of a religious philosopher. He does not even interfere with harmless extravagancies and absurdities, convinced as he is that progress of time and expansion of true knowledge carry with them the antidote for their extinction. Instead of reconciliating the heterogeneous elements in his kingdom, Willem I. estranged the one from the other. As previously mentioned, instead of strengthening existing ties of common interest, he sowed discord. Not only was such the case in religious matters, but in all others. He would force the French-speaking population of Belgium to adopt the Dutch language, and no functionaries were appointed without being master of it. Public charges were bestowed upon Protestants, in places where nearly the entire population professed the other religion. At least four Dutchmen were chosen for offices against

one Belgian; and Belgium was governed as a conquered province rather than as an integral part of the kingdom. And so it was, that a country which could have been one of the most respected states in the world, was torn asunder, and the man who might have been till his latest day the beloved sovereign of that great and mighty realm, was at last not even able to retain that smaller portion of it which had sacrificed itself, and had been so loath to turn against him. And there he stood now—without a domestic hearth, without a home, without a country! Did not, at least, his children console him and soothe his remorse? Not one of them. He had, besides his successor, another son, and one daughter; but that son, Frederick, was indifferent, and that daughter, Marianne, formerly his pet, was now a wandering profligate.* All that was left upon which he

* Since the time Florinda, daughter of Count Julius, was ravished by the Moorish king, Rodrigo, her name was discontinued among all Spanish women, and given only to dogs. As hereafter will be explained, the name

could fix his affection was Miss Harriet d'Oultremont, the *ex-maitresse* of his royal substitute, and his coffers, filled with ill-gotten treasures. With these objects he lived during two years in Berlin, dividing his time between his Morganatic wife, his table, his mammon, and his books; and on the morning of a day in December, 1842, he was found sitting dead in his arm-chair, holding a volume containing Dutch sermons in his hand. His carcass was removed to Delft, and then deposited in the dark domains of the worms. The spoil of Netherlands, heaped up in his trunks, had quite another destination.

Immediately upon his father's abdication, the Prince of Orange ascended to the throne of Holland, taking the title of Willem II. The nation cherished the highest hopes as to the prosperity of his reign. The feverish excitement prevailing through the country subsided in the bright expectations of a

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of Marianne more naturally deserves such a fate in Netherland.

better future. And indeed it appeared at first as if King Willem II. had adopted for his motto the exclamation of Hamlet, "Reform it altogether." He dismissed all the old ministers and servants of his father. Every one who had been, even in a promiscuous way, connected with the Government of his predecessor was disgraced in his eyes. The dismissal of the Minister of Justice, Van Maaner, gave the highest satisfaction. That political weathercock had been, in his early years, a military auditor under the *Bataefsche Republick*, and was appointed, together with another young man of the name of Bilderdyk, subsequently the greatest Dutch poet of his age. Both were bound by oath that they would honestly serve and uphold the Republic, and be faithful to its institutions. In 1806, on Holland being transformed into a kingdom, and when a foreign monarch was intruded upon its inhabitants, Bilderdyk refused to swear allegiance to the new king, Louis, contending that such would amount to perjury, which was a crime he would never commit. Van

Maaner was not so particular, and did not regard a few perjuries. Without the slightest objection he swore allegiance to the new head of the State. When, in 1810, Holland was incorporated with the French empire, he gave his oath, with his fidelity, to Napoleon, and, in 1814-15, to the sovereign of Holland and the king of the Netherlands. Van Maaner was a favourite clerk of Willem I., and for many years his Minister of Justice. But no public officer was more hated and despised in the South as well as in the North Netherlands, than he. One of the first houses to which the revolting Belgians in 1830 set fire, was Van Maaner's hotel in Brussels, and if, during that time, he had fallen into the hands of the enraged multitude, it assuredly would have cost him his life. Van Maaner was the projector of the restrictions on the press, and was known to give his inferiors the strictest instructions to enforce the penal laws to the full extent of their severity. The scorned, barbarous Van Maaner died a

wealthy man; the respected, conscientious, and learned Bilderdyk died penniless.*

Willem II. declared it to be his intention that his policy should be honest, and the acts of his government straightforward; and, in accordance therewith, a plain report of the state of the public finances, hitherto shrouded in mystery, was laid before the Staten-General. Without any attempt to conceal the truth, and with a frankness which very seldom distinguished royalty, he informed his subjects and compatriots under what sort of circumstances he was commencing his reign. No pains were taken to disguise the fact, in the report on

* He had several children, but no proper care was taken of them. All died except the youngest son. Willem I. allowed the surviving offspring of the great poet an annuity of £50, until such time as he should be appointed to a lieutenancy in the army, and sent the stripling to Lieut.-Colonel Frank, who did all he could to make a soldier of the neglected youth. Bilderdyk, junior, however, was a metaphysical dreamer. The old king soon grew tired of the yearly outlay, and Bilderdyk, therefore, was soon appointed lieutenant. The soldiers gave him the *soubriquet* of "the ominous bird."

the finances, that a deficit of twenty-seven millions was discovered in the public treasure, unaccounted for by the preceding Government; in other words, abstracted or stolen by his father. Newspapers and periodicals, vindicating the stupidities and errors of the old *régime*, and which had been abetted by the defunct administration, met with no favour whatever from Willem II. The *Avondbode*, that print which had the audacity to advocate the fallacy, "Public debts increase national wealth," and the insolence to idolize Willem I. to the last, stopped publication a few days after its royal supporter had been eclipsed; and into such repute had the very name of *Avondbode* sunk, that not the smallest reasonable sum could be realised for its costly presses, and they were left in possession of the printer, who had degraded himself by its publication.

Meanwhile, my process was not lost sight of by the Groningen authorities, and it was soon brought before the Provincial Court. The same sympathy with the cause of the

Tolk der Vryheid, as evinced before the judges of the district, manifested itself on that occasion; and ecstatic applause greeted me on my leaving the audience. The Court abated one-fifth of the original sentence, and declared that my being imprisoned for a simple period of four years only would meet the ends of justice. Instead, however, of gratefully accepting the mitigated punishment, I appealed. The same was done by the Attorney-General, who did not agree with the lenity of the Court.* As my publisher never knew what I sent to the printing-office for insertion in the *Tolk*, no suspicion could reasonably attach to him of being an accomplice to my writings; but on this point also, undisputed by the Court, the Attorney-General had no belief, and he appealed to the High Court in order that Bolt should be condemned on that count, as well as for crying—"Down with the

* The name of this man was literally in English, "Sevenstars." He was generally called by the people, "The Devil of the Highland."

King,"—for which dreadful crime the provincial judges confirmed the sentence of two years' imprisonment. A few weeks subsequently the case of the *Tolk* was brought before *De Hooge Raad der Nederlander*—the High Court in the Hague. I had not troubled myself with making any declamation before the District Court of Groningen; it was not worth while; but I parried Mr. Sevenstars' damp volubility, replete with pointed accusations, as well as I could, and had always afterwards been complacently admiring myself for my cleverness in speechifying away, with my own tongue, a whole year of imprisonment. Before the High Court, however, I was not allowed to say a word, had I been never so eager to obtain a new trial. My publisher suggested that some eminent professional man should defend us, and proposed Mr. Dick Donker Curtius, then the only lawyer in Netherland, who, at the same time, had a reputation as a publicist. I found Mr. Dick Donker of a very unpretending stature, being of the five feet pattern, with a breast

so small that one could scarcely believe it contained more than one lung, and a mouth so narrow that a dog's head potato had to be cut into thirty-two equal parts to get a passage through it. But this same man stood better upon his legs than many a Hercules; spoke a whole day without growing tired; and had a stentorophonic voice. Few, very few, in the Hague knew the little man personally. This was not so much on account of his miniature size as to his custom of hiding himself too much, for he was seldom seen lounging in the streets, and when he did so, moderately-sized persons had their eyes more easily fixed upon his large unsightly hat than upon the lazily perambulating puny specimen of humanity below it. He was a barrister at the *Hooge Raad*, but as nobody cared about the pleadings before that Court, he also escaped being noticed there. In short, his name was known, but his person was ignored. Mr. Dick Donker was eloquent in our defence, and he, my publisher, and myself, expected that the Groningen sentence would be anni-

hilated, which expectation, however, turned out to be a failure. The High Court postponed coming to a decision in our case, as usual, for four weeks, and I returned with my publisher to Groningen. We went together to Hanover, when the day for the delivery of the verdict drew near. The case, however, was again put off, and once again we returned to Groningen. I then resigned the direction of the *Tolk der Vryheid* altogether, dallied some days, and knowing precisely the time the Groningen justice intended to entrap me, in order to prevent my escape I arranged with one of the gate-keepers to leave the town in the middle of the night before the morning fixed for taking me, and went to Amsterdam, where I first heard that the High Court had confirmed the sentence of the Groningen Court in every particular. After this I immediately proceeded in a southern direction.

Having no passport I could neither cross the Belgian nor the French frontier in a *diligence* or a hackney-coach; but had to pass them on foot and along by-roads, exactly as

if I had been a peaceable man residing in the neighbourhood of the said frontiers. I therefore left my luggage behind. My dress was very simple, consisting of a cap of an ancient magisterial shape, the invention being my own, a black neckerchief, and a simple coat and trousers, covered with a long mantle, similar to that worn by the Belgian Jesuits, and which hung down so far as to cover the calf of my legs. In that attire I arrived in Paris, having first taken a look at the Carnival at Antwerp, and visited my correspondents in Brussels, Ghent, and other places.* I had been three weeks in Paris before I went to the Dutch embassy. On General Fagel, the minister plenipotentiary, seeing me, he was puzzled, and could not understand how I had contrived to get to Paris, and to reside there without having

* The principal persons I saw in Brussels were De Potter, Bartels, and Jottrand. Faithful to their principles, these truly great men, who suffered and fought for a republican Belgium, had not accepted any office under king Leopold. Had all the members of the National Congress, on whose decision, in 1831, the future form

any papers. The noble general treated me with urbanity and kindness, and offered me employment at the embassy, which I accepted.

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of government rested, been so disinterested and incorruptible as they were, Belgium would have been a republic. De Potter told me he had considered the monarchal institution as a decayed tooth; his wish had been to have it entirely extracted to the very roots from Belgium! "I would not," he said, "have any cure attempted; the remedy must be a total extraction."

CHAPTER IX.

General Baron Fagel, Minister Plenipotentiary of Holland, at the Tuileries.—I am condemned to Ten Years' Imprisonment, but employed at the Dutch Embassy instead.—Embassies and Consulates in General.—Paris.—My return to Holland.—Murderous Attack on the Frontiers.

General Baron Fagel belonged to a family who had in many ways rendered important services to Orange-Nassau, and contributed much to their recall. When Napoleon's star was on the wane a few influential men—one of them belonging to the Fagel's family—formed a provincial government, and commenced to reign in the name of Orange-Nassau. At the head of that government stood the disinterested Van Hogendorp, to

whose name and influence Willem I. was chiefly indebted for the fact that Holland accepted him as prince sovereign. That virtuous man, whose memory is revered in Holland, soon perceived, to his profound regret, that he had been allured by Orange-Nassau's promises, and that the king of the Netherlands quite forgot that he had been an exile and a bankrupt in London.* " Seeing that all his endeavours to persuade the king to adopt a better policy had failed, he retired from public life, bewailing the confidence he had been unfortunate enough to place in his banished *protégé*. Willem I. treated him as tyrants ever behave to their deluded tools, when they neither want nor fear them any longer: he took no notice of him. Fagel himself was far from being satisfied with Orange-Nassau, but as he and Willem were brought up together as children, and so many recollections of their youthful days existed between them, he would not abruptly break off their connection, and consequently entered on a diplo-

* Willem was partner in a brewery which failed.

matic career. General Robert Fagel was now about seventy years of age, and one of the longest accredited ministers plenipotentiary in Paris. He was a man of the middle size, not robust, but healthy, erect and active. He had become almost completely bald, and his eyesight was rapidly growing weak. He was not able to read, except by means of a strong magnifying glass. Small hand-writing he could scarcely decipher at all, and I assisted him more than once, during the time I was in his favour, in reading his private correspondence. Fagel possessed all the dignity which sound education, experience, and self-respect impart, with the amenity of accomplished good manners. He was simple in his habits, amiable in his dealings, and civil to all who approached him. But too indulgent and too impressionable, he lacked the strength of purpose and determination which characterises the man whose actions bear the stamp of his principles. He was too easily influenced, not by flattery, which he hated, but by dexterously-woven intrigue, and

judged too much by appearances, without going at the bottom of circumstances to find out the truth. A certain Jonker Guericke, a genuine personification of foppery and mawkishness, was chief and sole-acting secretary to the legation, which situation he owed to the accident that his father was governor of Dutch Limburg. Guericke, however, excelled in making a hideous noise on his violoncello; in despatching a good lady's breakfast with a number of cakes; in dressing nicely during a couple of hours daily; in keeping his nails in a glittering state; in gambling, idling, and annoying other fools with vapidness and insipid talk. The small particles of common sense he was possessed of, he had carefully centralized, and candidly trusted to his developments of cunning. The taciturnity he observed when with his superiors, and the haughtiness he displayed towards persons he considered below his station, aided by his regular, meaningless features, and a counterfeit placid air of profound meditation, did much to conceal the defects of that young man's intellectual

disposition and attainments; but General Fagel could not be long in convincing himself that his secretary was a "stupid fellow," not even able properly to indite a common letter. Fagel made no secret of the disqualifications of the dandy, nor of his dislike to him. Nevertheless, in course of time, the young secretary obtained a certain ascendancy over the old ambassador. The principal personage at the embassy, for the affairs of the department of the interior, was Monsieur Louis, the cook. Baron Fagel had through his whole life continued a bachelor, and so, Louis became the confidant of his purse, the diviner of his palate, and the governor of his household. M. Louis had the superintendence over all the objects belonging to the embassy, animate and inanimate. From the general's lodge-keeper to the general's scullion-maid in the back kitchen, all had regard for him. When he entered the yard in the white garment of his profession, a looker-on at a distance would fain believe that he was the beloved priest of a herd of peasants, so many were the marks of respect and tender-

ness from all sides shown to him. Louis had the plain title of cook, but that word implied dignities of higher rank, such as cashier, butler, &c.; in short, it meant *factotum*. M. Louis did not, of course, execute in person all the business confided to his care—quite the contrary; but it must be admitted that he alone arranged and managed everything, by his reasonable but stern commands. Louis was a good example of a French cook; he was a careful, trustworthy servant to his master, and a gay and liberal *gaillard* to his friends. Lowest of all in consideration at the embassy stood a middle-aged Parisian, who performed the greater and most useful part of the work. That poor drudge had to make out and transcribe all the passports, and received for his trouble not more than 600 francs a-year. He understood no language but French, and was deaf, which made his task exceedingly irksome. The hours of business at our embassy were from eleven to one o'clock,—two hours a day. There were many holidays, and then the offices were not open at all.

I had not been very long with Mr. Fagel before I obtained pretty correct notions of diplomatic institutions in general. The functions of a minister plenipotentiary, *chargé d'affaires*, or common representative of the one court at the other, may be considered honourable; in fact, however, they do not signify very much. As an intermedium between two courts, these Excellencies have to forward to their masters the communications from the power they are accredited to, and to behave towards the latter according to the instructions of their own government. Sometimes these communications emanate directly from the head of the State; oftener the ministers of foreign affairs have their hands in the business. There are times when such communications, and the circumstances connected with them, might better be entrusted to a clever and discreet messenger than to mail or telegraph; but in such cases the services of the ambassador are commonly dispensed with, and as soon as the communications assume the form of negociations, requiring superior knowledge

and a just appreciation of facts, tact, and ability, a special minister is sent.

Think, not, however, too lightly of the ambassador's occupations. Do you see that splendid carriage with costly-caparisoned horses, coachman and grooms, driving up to the palace? It contains the ambassador, who has a decoration or order in his pocket, which he is to deliver to the illustrious monarch, who will receive it amidst studied tokens of approbation from a number of stage-prepared sycophants and flunkeys, collected round their lord in a halo of dazzling magnitude! Whether now that piece of silver, tin, gold, and enamel, is baptised in the order of the Elephant, of the Saviour, of the Tower and the Sword, of the Eagle, of St. Andrew, or of the Lion, I cannot tell for the present. Have patience. We will soon see it dangling on the happy breast of the coat it is destined to distinguish. Perchance it may be a miscarried Garter, which should have reached Mr. Calcraft for proper adjustment. But without venturing into these niceties, let me only say, that the

right and the true delivery of that charming toy constitutes one of the ambassador's important functions! Another time it happens that the monarch's wife is delivered of a child. Some days or weeks after the occurrence there is a great gala at the court, and our ambassador has to go there, taking his homage to the empress or queen who was able to give existence to the little creature, already the hope of one or more nations, and whose hand he is allowed respectfully to kiss! On that solemn occasion also you may see the ambassador driving up in a very gorgeous style. A relation of the ambassador's master dies,—another momentous affair, demanding special decorum and ceremony. Although the monarch knows already all about the death, he does not consider it as authentic, nor acknowledge it until he has received official intimation from the ambassador. The ambassador's master's aunt has given her youngest daughter in marriage to Prince Habakkuk, and who else is worthy of informing the monarch of such an absorbing event but the ambassador?

Distinguished countrymen of the ambassador's arrive at the official residence; they insist upon a carumbole, which the ambassador's introduction has to effect upon the radiance of their delight, and the sunbeams of the monarch's smile; and of course the poor ambassador cannot turn his back upon such high-spirited play.

In so many and different ways is it that the ambassador renders service in his quality of imperial or royal messenger, footman, and lackey. The sublime part of his functions, however, is more difficult. It requires the perfection of self-control; the faculty of putting on a face like a mask; the readiness of an eloquent tongue when he can lie *apropos;* of laughing when he is boiling with rage; and of weeping when his heart laughs with indescribable satisfaction and contentment. All these diplomatic virtues are daily necessaries for the ambassador-spy. He wants them when in conversation with courtiers as well as in official commerce, but more particularly when a guest at the monarch's table. On such an occasion he

cannot be too watchful. He should hear and see everything. He must notice not only to whom the monarch privately speaks before or after dinner, but also for how long and with what sort of gesticulations and apparent impression. He should not lose a word of what is spoken at the table, and not a titter must escape him. He has to observe the manner in which and in what time the monarch empties his wine; how many glasses he has taken before he commences general table-talk, and relapses the fastening of his etiquette; and when his conversation can be considered to become of a hypocritical-confidential kind. A consummate diplomatist has soon studied the monarch sufficiently to know where the barrier exists between the two characters, and he draws his deductions from the difference in official and private hypocrisy.* Observations of the same kind are made at balls, *soirées*, and other

* The principal ambassadors at the court of Louis Philippe were very well acquainted with the old king in that respect. After having indulged in the pleasures of the table, they flattered his majesty with remarks as

parties, and then extend, commencing with the most notable, to the widest range of individuals coming under his notice. Of all the embassies, those at the Tuileries are considered to be the most important, for never since the great Revolution has a throne in that country stood upon a solid foundation. Hence it is that the continental despots not only desire to know what is going on in the higher circles of France, but also to be informed as to the disposition of those dynasty-destroyers, the working classes of Paris. But the ambassadors, so anxious of disguising their feelings and thoughts, when frequenting palaces, will not degrade themselves by disguising their exterior and visiting *traiteurs*, *marchands de vin* and *cafés*, and they have consequently no opportunity of ascertaining personally at what point the indicators of the public mind stand. They entrust this part of the business to their

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to his peaceful reign, his domestic happiness, and finally with his wealth, and they knew what to think of him as soon as he had given his usual reply—"*Réellement, Messieurs, je dinis criblé de dettes.*"

attachés or secretaries, who also are not inclined to part for a moment with their dress of dandy or beau, or to come in contact with *blouses*, but prefer the theatre, the ball, the club, the saloon, and the boudoir, and furnish their ambassadors with such particulars concerning what is astir in low society as they hear related among their own acquaintances, or gather from some obscure *mouchard*, commonly engaged by several parties, to whom they pay a trifle for his services. From these clumsy and suspicious clues, and their own scanty and partial information, the ambassadors draw up their general reports, which must contain all which they hear, see, conclude, know, or fancy to know, and which commonly have to be forwarded periodically. This system, however, is discontinued during days of irritation, riot, and revolt, when all events, changes, and incidents have to be reported with the utmost celerity and despatch. It is also during these political tempests that other and safer means of correspondence are adopted. Couriers after couriers are

sent off, and the documents of which they are the bearers are composed of secret cypher and hieroglyphical characters, whenever any danger of their being intercepted might be expected. The transmission of secret reports relative to the court or the government the ambassador is accredited to, is, even in ordinary times, not confided to the post, but to persons belonging to the legation; and only common subjects are treated in letters forwarded by mail.

I have now nearly finished my rough draft of the chief occupation of embassies generally. It need not be said that there is about as much difference between the several legations as between the represented courts themselves.* Embassies of republics, not representing a court, but a nation, or at least the majority of it, make altogether an exception. Speaking more particularly of those of monarchial states of minor ranks, it must be avowed that they are not of

* Among the *attachés* of the embassies of the first rank are always one or more belonging to the secret policy, spying their own friends.

much benefit to the governments they represent, and still less to the nations which have to pay for them. The young men belonging to the legations are nearly all of high fancied birth, too proud to apply themselves to common pursuits, too indolent to inquire into the interests of their nation, too poor to live in great style on their own means,—expert only in making their toilette, in killing time in gay places, and in squandering money. It sometimes happens that a man of the people, from whose taxes the embassy is paid, applies for relief to the representative of his country. That man has expected to do well in foreign parts, but circumstances of uncommon occurrence have brought him to destruction. The poor wretch is ordered to give an account of his former occupations and whereabouts, and the *employés* at the embassy wonder why he failed to succeed. He is refused all assistance if any remark can be made upon his conduct, or when he is too poor to deserve pecuniary aid from an embassy; that is to say, when his haggard appearance is indicative of his being on the

very verge of beggary. It is only in extraordinary cases that any assistance is given, and then even not readily, but after the applicant has just been humiliated by preposterous and insolent questions.* At another time, a man is not in financial, but in other difficulties, probably resulting from his being a stranger and unacquainted with the language and customs of the country in which he has taken up his abode. He implores the interference of the ambassador of his country, but all he can obtain is some hollow advice, and not one of his countrymen will accompany him to assist him out of his embarrassments. And these are the only cases in which embassies are, in an abstract sense, of any use to the people, at whose cost they amuse themselves. Useful inventions or discoveries; fresh applications in mechanics; improvements in husbandry

* Individuals who, for reasons explained at page 15, leave their country with royal pensions—shares of the national spoil—experience, of course, no difficulties at the embassy; they always find their money ready enough.

and agriculture; new marts for national industry; amelioration in navigation; extension of commerce; education of the people,—nothing of this kind attracts the attention of the pleasure-loving *attachés*, secretaries, and *employés*,—but dissipation, on the contrary, occupies their whole time. To be able to talk about diplomacy with an overwhelming amount of *aplomb;* to possess some notions of common and international law; to speak the French language grammatically and fluently, and to have a knowledge of the institutions and specialties of the country, is all that the programme of the qualifications of the spendthrifts contains. The ambassadors, too, do not care about the improvements in arts and sciences, nor the diffusion of knowledge in the country to which they belong. They are confident of faithfully discharging their duty on that score, when regularly forwarding the printed circulars which they receive from the ministers for foreign affairs, concerning alterations in the duties on articles of export or im-

port, or in the number of *visés* required on a passport.

The embassies form a striking contrast to the consulates, as regards expenditure. The former cost the Government annually an enormous sum; the latter, for the greater part, nothing; with the exception of the United States, Great Britain, and France, the European maritime powers have not even consuls speaking the language of the country they represent,—unless it be in a very few large towns,—and masters of vessels apply in vain to them when they require information or advice respecting their freight, cargo, or whatever it may be. Moreover, they are not allowed to feel that want of consular assistance gratuitously; no, the vessel is not allowed to sail before the useless consul has been paid for his trouble in soiling the ship's papers with his name. Consulages, however, might in many instances prove more useful than embassies, if governments would pay proper attention to them. Shipowners would certainly many

times have saved considerable sums in cases of damage, wreck, or repair, had their captains met with an honest consul acquainted with the laws of the place, and able to understand and to speak to them. Crews of vessels, passengers, shipwrecked persons, and others, might have been spared great loss and trouble, had they possessed the benefit of anyone as interpreter and protector. Why should not the embassies be made the schools of training for consuls? Why, instead of lazy blockheads and aristocratic scum, are not clever and steady young men appointed, not to idle and debauch, but to work and study at the embassy, and to prepare themselves for a situation in which they might be of real service to themselves and their country?

I had not been long employed at the legation before the Groningen judges favoured me with another condemnation. As related in a previous chapter, they had begun a new prosecution against me for libel upon the now nearly forgotten Willem I. General Fagel himself saw the account of the trial, by con-

tumacy—in a Parisian morning paper, and showed it in astonishment to me. The sentence was for six years' imprisonment only, making, with the four *in petto*, exactly ten, in order, as I remarked to the ambassador, to honour the decimal system and to keep an easier account. I had not received any letter addressed to me in my proper name since I left Groningen, and only a few of my friends in that place were aware that I was in Paris. The District Tribunal had no idea of my being there; much less, I suppose, that I was employed at the embassy, for the attorney of that Tribunal declared that he knew better than any one that I was hidden at Mr. Van Baerle's. As, however, they could find nobody who would positively swear to my having been seen there, they had not temerity enough to order a search to be made in the major's house, but had it constantly, closely watched during many weeks, of course without my making an appearance.

I never failed to attend to my business at the embassy, nor did I once arrive there after the appointed hour. As I did not always

find occupation, and not being accustomed to idleness, I entered into proper books the most important letters and reports, written during the last ten or eleven years, and of which no copies had been kept but on loose sheets of paper. This pastime afforded me a very good opportunity of getting some insight into the sibyllic manœuvres and machinations of diplomacy. In one respect, however, I did not give satisfaction at all. It was because I would not conform myself to the etiquette, the habits, and the manners of the diplomatic world. The good old Fagel himself kindly requested me to go to his tailor and to order in his name a full equipment; but I took 300 francs from Louis instead, and continued to dress myself according to my own fancy—neatly, decently, and plain.

I took the time in which I had nothing to do at the embassy, entirely to myself, and never frequented private soirées of a diplomatic character. I preferred the society of literary and working men, and my leisure was divided between their company, the

theatre, and my studies. To become acquainted with the elements of Parisian society; to obtain a knowledge of the peculiarities which characterise its different classes; to form for myself an idea of the diverse manners of the existence of so many thousand individuals; to initiate myself into the mysteries of their political belief and the conformity and divergence of their opinions: these were the objects I had in view. I had no difficulty to discover that all the enlightened Parisian workmen, no matter how great the diversity in their political creed, foster republican principles. Considered as a body, they may be said to be an intelligent, honest, and generous people. I spent many hours amongst them in a much more pleasant and instructive manner than the formal saloon re-unions could have afforded me. The majority of these industrious classes have clear and correct notions of politics, are well versed in modern, and no strangers to ancient literature and history, and discuss the topics of the day in a manner which shows their good sense and judgment. They hesitate

not to acknowledge that it is principally from their ranks that the men rise, who suddenly come forward when a renewed struggle between liberty and tyranny has to be decided; and constantly do they bear with them the conviction that one day a cry will be heard from the barricades, calling them to victory or to death. This conviction, and the grieving reflection that all the blood that has been spilled for liberty's sake since 1789, has not yet produced the expected fruits, make the Parisian workman, independent of his gay and merry manner during his recreations, pensive and meditative, and stamp his brow with the seriousness of profound occupation. A feeling of fraternity pervades all the toiling classes; and the same may be said of the *hommes de lettres*, who, very naturally, are all republicans—a few, who barter the liberty of their conscience only excepted. Baron Fagel, influenced by the invidious reports of Mr. Guericke, apprehended that I might form too close a connection in Paris, quite oppo-

site to that which he should wish to see, and this was the reason that he insisted upon the king's annulling my condemnation as soon as possible. Willem II. intended allowing me to return whenever I thought proper, when such could be done without causing any great amount of surprise and suspicion, and in such a way as to prevent the recrimination of the authorities, especially that of the Groningen magistrates, who had given themselves more anxiety and trouble on my account than they could have had with a score of common criminals. It would seem, however, as if six months of easy work at the embassy could obliterate the sentences and arrests by which the distribution of ten years' intended incarceration had taken place, for in September, 1841, I received a verbal communication that the Dutch minister of justice had been confidentially ordered to inform the authorities that his Majesty had been pleased to grant an entire and unconditional remission of the punishments pronounced against me. On the same day the ambas-

sador, evidently prepossessed against me, gave me my passport for Holland, and wished me good-bye—and I took my leave with diplomatic courtesy. I made up my mind to take up my residence in a quiet corner of Netherland, far from Groningen, where I intended to live retired and unnoticed, and accordingly proceeded to Heeze, a village in the province of Noord Braband, on the Belgian frontier, where a friend of mine was under the treatment of a celebrated oculist, of whom I shall have to speak hereafter. My good intentions, however, were frustrated shortly after my arrival, by a murderous assault, made by six armed men, upon myself and two of my friends, when we were returning, late at night, on a lonely way. I escaped with a few insignificant wounds; but one of my companions had his head nearly severed from his body. A garbled and unfair statement of that attack, misrepresenting the facts, was forwarded to the *Handelsblad* by their correspondent, a *greffier* at the District Tribunal of Endhoven, and my return to Holland was at

once recorded in all the newspapers. I thereupon left first for Amsterdam, and subsequently for the Hague, there to appear, according to his Majesty's desire, at a private audience with King Willem II.

CHAPTER X.

Willem II.; his apparent kindness.—M. Rochussen; his reception of the Author.—M. Van Hall.—Willem's regard for Belgium; his popularity.—Louis Philippe's policy.—Princess Marianne.—Van Rappard.

THE Hague! that name awakens a strain of recollections and mingled feelings in my breast, and I imperceptibly lose myself in melancholy reverie when my thoughts are lingering on the place. It was there that I enjoyed life in all its alluring aspects, and where I suffered to the extreme limits of human endurance. It was there that my soul slumbered in the downy embrace of happy attachment and sweet affection, and that my blood was boiling with fierce hatred, scorn, and rage. Little did I think on my arrival that I should discover so much

crime and so much misery in that town, or that I should become acquainted with the mysteries of the royal palace and of the prison of the Hague, and that many days of my life would be connected with both these extremities of human invention, and with so much that lay between.

It was in October, a month after I had returned to Holland, that I saw Willem II. He was then nearly forty-nine years of age, and had been king nearly a year. He was a man of the middle size, slender, agile, lively, and active. His frame and his structure were perfectly proportionate. He was, like all the members of the Orange-Nassau family, in the habit of making very short steps, and his feet moved with uncommon celerity. There was an unpretending grace and attractive harmony in all his manners; creating that sudden prepossession, which we sometimes feel in favour of persons whom we have never seen before. Willem II. had a noble forehead, appearing to be larger than it was in reality, through his having but little hair left; his penetrating eyes

were of a bright grey, his looks conveyed kindness, and round his mouth was a smile of condescending affability. His whole exterior betrayed an adventurous mind; his characteristic features, sometimes overshadowed by grave reflections, bore the deep marked impressions of strong passions, and the traces of inward sorrow and anguish which had passed over that head. Willem II. had no moustachios; but large fair whiskers, meeting under the chin, brought his interesting visage into a favourable relief. It happened sometimes that the countenance of that man unexpectedly took another strange form. All on a sudden, a dark cloud appeared to rise between his thoughts and some involuntary emotions; he lost the thread of his discourse, his eyes were staring on vacancy, an electric shock of pain seemed to touch his nerves, and an inexpressible uneasiness pervaded his whole being. All this lasted only for a few minutes, but long enough to show that some awful idea was intruding upon him, and forcibly disturbing his equanimity. What was

that mysterious spectre that thus magically stole upon the mind and disturbed the peace and contentment of the affable king? Was his conscience reproaching him that he had obtained the crown by unfair means, and that he had broken his father's heart? Or was there unwillingly recalled to him some of his former misdeeds? Nothing of the kind. He was not haunted by the recollection of wrong actions, already committed; he was afraid of future transgressions, the lustful temptations of which he was not strong enough to resist. He quaked with fear of himself.

The king received me with the utmost kindness, and addressed me in very friendly terms. He did not, however, make the slightest allusion to his father's abdication, or to the circumstances and machinations which had led to it, and I would not, of course, touch upon that too delicate subject. He made only desultory remarks upon politics. Without entering into particulars myself, I expressed a hope that his Majesty's reign might continue as it had begun,

and secure to him the blessings of a good and grateful people. After some flattering remarks, he said that I could consider myself from that time to be under his special protection, and trusted I would, for his sake, make a right use of the talents which nature had bestowed upon me. He requested me to remain in the Hague, and to have an audience with the different ministers, to whom he would notify his intentions. He desired me diligently to study public affairs, for which I would now have the best opportunity, and when, after some time had passed, a good public office should be vacant, he would appoint me to it. He further enlarged upon my manifold lawsuits and disagreeable travels, which induced him to entertain the belief that I had been subjected to heavy expenses during the last year. Although I did not refer to my financial difficulties, nor even had the remotest idea of doing so, I soon perceived that he spoke in that strain as introductory to his handing me some banknotes, of which, he added, I could have more whenever, at rea-

sonable intervals, I applied to him. Ascribing this liberality not to any stratagem but to his generosity, fascinated by his manners, and highly gratified with so amicable a reception, I left the palace, pondering and doubting whether so many nations would have reasons of dissatisfaction, and of longing for democratic superiors, if all kings were like Willem II. My republican conscience, it is true, reproached me with having accepted a *don gratuit* from the king, but the certainty I had that Willem II. himself fostered liberal principles, counterbalanced that feeling. I had at that time the best intentions, and eagerly wished for an occasion to convince the king how much I valued the distinction with which he had treated me. My ardour was a child of my imagination; the charm of the royal smile vanished, as soon as the naked truth had destroyed my delusion. The first minister I paid a visit to was the Minister of Finance, Rochussen, and that man at once dispelled the high estimation in which I held the government of Willem II.

Mr. Rochussen had been an officer of Customs in Amsterdam, and distinguished himself by his zeal, his quickness in cyphering, and his unreserved way of very plainly expressing his true or assumed opinions, which, under Willem I., was something so extraordinary, that it gave a public officer a good reputation with the people. That same way of dealing he made an experiment of as minister. Wondering at his success, he grew from a bold and impertinent to a ruffianly Excellency. He was not only a stranger to all those refined feelings and nice attentions, which constitute the foundation of a friendly and pleasurable commerce between educated men, but even lacked common civility, and could not be said to be anything else than a political bully. The Dutch character bears in some respects much similarity to the English. Over-anxious to avoid forming a wrong opinion of statesmen, entering on their career, an unscrupulous, fearless, and adroit mountebank, honoured by the misguided choice of his sovereign, may, in both countries, for a

length of time successfully play the part of a minister, at least of a minister of finances. Rochussen was such a sort of mountebank. On entering his cabinet I found his head slightly inclined over some papers, which appeared to devour the consciousness of his existence. So grave was his look, his air, his mien; so much solemnity was there about his posture, and such an amount of superhumanity in his attitude, that, involuntarily, the innocent thought crept upon me that he was computing the duration of a newly discovered eternity. He had been sitting in that way for a quarter of an hour, when, passing his hand over his face, he suddenly arose and in a few theatrical steps came up close to me. "I am acquainted," said he, "with the king's intentions towards you, but I don't care a straw for the king. We have now a responsible ministry. I am answerable, and he is not; all comes back to me, and so all shall depend upon me. My will shall be done. If you have anything to communicate regarding my department you had better address yourself direct

to me, for I am the head. As for your being or having been an editor of a paper, I don't care—look, *so* much!" Uttering these last words, he very adroitly made a snap with his finger and thumb, nearly touching the top of my nose. I paced backward, as he advanced, until I had reached the door, which I promptly closed between us. That singular audience convinced me that his Excellency, Mr. Rochussen, still smelt very strongly of the stockfish-shop where, some twenty years ago, he had served his apprenticeship. From all that I had heard at that "audience," I drew the conclusion that Rochussen was rather the king's master than his servant. Other intimations fortified the supposition I began to form about the want of firmness and manliness of Willem II. Notwithstanding the personal bravery and daring he possessed when on the field of battle, he lacked the calm moral courage required in the cabinet of a ruler of State. He sacrificed too much to his desire to see satisfied and happy-looking faces around him. He was weak enough inconsiderately to give

way before every strongly pressed argument that could provoke a protracted or decisive resistance on his side. He subjected his will to the will of those who employed the most efficient subtlety to lead him. Too much contact with the world—too much indulging, debilitating pleasures—had had a benumbing influence on the nerve of his resolution. Revelry and licentiousness on the one, and insufficient exercise, both of body and mind, on the other hand, had dissolved his original vigour, fortitude and determination.

Rochussen was not the only minister who treated Willem II. in that way. Van Hall, who was afterwards appointed Minister of Justice, followed the example. The latter, however, was a polite and learned man, and more cunning and ambitious than Rochussen. He slowly undermined the ground under the feet of his *confrère*, and Willem II., who got tired of the impertinences of Rochussen, and cursed him in his heart, was easily induced to give the latter the post of governor-general of the Dutch East Indian possessions, in exchange for his portfolio of

Finances. From that time, Van Hall was master of the office, and, leading the king, with apparent submission and deep respect for his majesty, he was for a long period *de facto* ruler of Netherland.

The eyes of Willem II. were constantly turned to Belgium. He loved that country doatingly, and decidedly much better than Holland. He had still many friends there, who in former years enjoyed either his generosity or his gay and spirited company. His lively temper, his fondness of social amusement, his *laisser-aller*, and his easy and refined manners, agreed better with the Belgian than with the Dutch element. His mental sufferings for the loss of that fine realm, finished only with his last breath. Up to the latest years of his reign also, he cherished the silent hope that Fortune would put him at the head of that beloved nation. He supported many Belgian newspapers to vindicate his cause and to pave the way to a restoration, or at least to a reconciliation. Several literary men and artists had, since the separation of the two countries, continued

to receive proofs of his liberality. He had, moreover, a great number of partisans and sincere friends among the mercantile and industrious classes in South Netherland, and those of the Flemish population especially, were decidedly in favour of a reunion with Holland, under a liberal constitution, with Willem II. at the head. And it was at that stage of the second Willem's reign not without some chances of probability, that the greater part of Belgium should have formed, with Holland, a new kingdom of the Netherlands. The face of Europe would, very likely, at this moment wear another appearance, had Louis Phillippe died by the accident that brought his son, the heroic and noble-minded Duc d'Orléans, to an untimely grave. Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was never liked by the eldest son of the late French king, although he was married to his own beloved sister. The great difference between the two persons allowed of no amity. The Duc d'Orléans was open, *sans souci* and chivalrous as Willem II.; Leopold had a prosaic character, and cultivated from his

early years, slyness, cunning, and circumspection. The king of Holland and the heir presumptive to the throne of France were very intimate friends in 1841-42. They had a personal interview together in Luxemburg, and, on that occasion, important resolutions were taken. The policy of the Duc d'Orléans, as French king, would have been aggressive. On the first occasion that a pretext could be found, he would have seized upon the Prussian Rhenish territory, and have restored the former frontier of France in that quarter. Willem II. would have made an alliance with him against Prussia, and French troops would, at the first Orangistic outburst in Ghent, have invaded Belgium, to assist in the re-establishment of the kingdom of the Netherlands as it was before the revolution of 1830.

Willem II. never had any sympathy for the Hohenzollerns, and, under the above circumstances, would have been happy to give an open proof of it. His hatred against that dynasty had much increased during the last few years. Prussia's neutrality in

1830, which soon changed to her insisting upon a separation between North and South Netherland, had sufficiently proved to him that selfishness was the only pivot of the policy of the Hohenzollerns. Willem II. also fancied that the brutal treatment his only sister Marianne had experienced at the hands of her husband, the libertine Prince Albert of Prussia, had caused her to swerve from her duty and degrade herself to a harlot. It was not long before the time I am speaking of, that a legal divorce was obtained, and Prince Albert of Prussia took all the children, of whom he thought himself to be the natural as well as the lawful father, under his care. Dutch newspapers, especially the truckling *Handelsblad*, first tried to spread the report that Marianne had been justified by the Prussian Judges, before whom the application for divorce had been made, but the real facts could not long remain concealed. Princess Marianne was to be pitied; her husband applied his fists and riding-whip to her royal person, but even that gave her no right to commit

adultery, which, moreover, there is every reason to believe she committed before Prince Albert, debauched as he was, had ever acted as a dastardly ruffian towards her. Marianne, as I have already said, was the pet of Willem I., and, like all other pets, was spoiled. Seeing at last the looseness of his beloved daughter, he took the first husband of royal blood he could get hold of, and gave her away to Albert of Prussia during the stormy days preceding Belgium's independence. She was then a pretty blonde, of that fair colour which characterises the descendants of central Germany, so fertile in the production of princely offsprings and similar articles of negative wealth. There had been no restraint exercised upon her since her mother died in 1837. She commenced her career when only seventeen years of age, and encouraged not only young suitors, whom she knew it could never be her lot to possess, but indulged in horrid unnatural defilements, unfit for further remark. But before that time she had been coquetting. How many young men

sighed for her I don't know; but I believe that nobody but she alone, turned the head of the poor Marquis de Thouars. This distant relation of the Orange-Nassaus was of about the same age as Marianne, and page to Willem I. He really loved her with all his heart. He began to compose verses, and produced a few excellent poems, which were published in Dutch periodicals. His muse was in the constant service of the princess, but Marianne proved so fickle, that he soon took to another than Parnassus-nectar, and sought relief for his pains in the abuse of intoxicating liquors, thus taking his first step down the fatal decline of drunkenness. Shortly afterwards, he was appointed a lieutenant of infantry, and had to leave the Court. A few years from thence, he found himself in the citadel of Antwerp, where he behaved very bravely; but, owing to his not submitting to discipline, he was discharged from the service. De Thouars was subsequently indicted for libel, alleged to have been committed in a pamphlet which he published on the occasion, concerning the

cowardly conduct of officers who were with him in the citadel; and the poor marquis, although, very probably, he had stated nothing but the truth, was condemned to prison, to pay a fine, and to lose his civil rights. This embittered him extremely, and he could never forget the humiliation of that proceeding. When still in the army, another officer, whom he considered as his friend, offended him more than he had done in his pamphlet; he seduced the unworthy woman whom De Thouars took for his wife, after his happy dreams of Marianne had for ever gone. But the seducer was not punished, and was not even reprimanded by his military superiors. Sad and weary De Thouars returned, after so much adversity, to his aged mother, who resided in an old country-house, situated in the province of Overyssel, with two of her daughters, upon a pension granted her by Orange-Nassau. The marquis remained with the quiet family till 1846, when, without any judicial condemnation, the handcuffs were screwed around his wrists, and he was torn

away from the embrace of his lamenting mother and sisters.

Meanwhile, Marianne had untowardly followed her course of degradation. A man of the name of Van Rossem, formerly a corporal in the army, had been appointed to a situation in the stables of Her Royal Highness, and some years previously, in fact long before she had ceased to be married, her eye had fallen upon him, and he continued to be her paramour. It is difficult to imagine a man more insolent and low than Van Rossem, and a woman more deeply degraded than Marianne. He lost no opportunity of publicly showing that he was the master of the unfortunate princess, and he treated her ostentatiously, with the authority of an eastern rajah when addressing his slaves. Mr. Van Rossem would not allow Marianne to enter his room before she had sent a lackey to obtain permission, and to know in what dress she was to appear. He expressed himself commonly in contemptible terms when speaking of her to her servants, formerly his equals or superiors, and would

not allow her to approach him when he was not in a good temper, or when he chose to see other company. So deeply had Marianne sunk in the beginning of the reign of Willem II.; but that she sunk still deeper will hereafter be shown. Greatly did this scandal affect her royal brother, and increase the odium he entertained towards the Prussian dynasty. Hence, he was so much the more ready to promise the Duc d'Orléans to attack the Prussians beyond the frontier of the Netherlands, simultaneously with the advancing of the French troops into Belgium, and across the Western Prussian limits.

Willem II. would have enjoyed, to the full extent, the greatest satisfaction a human soul could feel, had he been able to have Belgium returned to him, and, as king of the Netherlands, made the treacherous, egotistic, and mean Prussians to tremble before him. But for an accident, his fond expectations might have been realised. The horses drawing the carriage in which the Duc d'Orléans was seated, took fright and

became unmanageable; the prince leaped out from the carriage, but the spur of one of his boots was, for a second, entangled in the lining, and he fell with his head against a purbeck stone, as hard for him as for every other mortal being; his skull was broken, and implacable Death made a stroke through all the magnificent schemes it contained. The deplorable fate of that young prince was a double misfortune for Willem II.; he lost in him a sincere friend, and at the same time, the corner-stone of his brightest hopes. No wonder that the dreadful event had a lasting influence upon him.

The reception I had met with at Rochussen's did not give me any extraordinary desire to court the acquaintance of other ministers; and much less so as—with the exception of Van Hall, the minister of Justice—they were known to be, in all particular cases, under the intimidation of Rochussen. I saw them all, however, with the exception of their Excellencies the minister for the Protestant and the min-

ister for the Catholic worship. A statesman, as minister at the head of all the ministers of the Protestant, and another at the head of all those of the Catholic faith, is certainly a curiosity; but it is looked upon as a necessity in Holland and other countries, where religion for the people is the principal branch of policy with the government. Besides with the first-named ministers, I had occasionally an interview with the chevalier Van Rappard, director of the cabinet of the king. That man also possessed influence in the highest quarters, but he never used that unpolished and provoking language, as the minister of finances, nor tried to make the king the tool of his intrigues. As he had, by principle, a deep veneration for monarchical institutions, he was always humble when in the presence of Willem II., and would have been so before any other crowned head. Van Rappard was a very unpretending, zealous officer, and took, after his own and his relations' interests, faithful care of those of his royal master. There is no doubt that he became acquainted

with the greater part of the domestic concerns of the Orange-Nassau, but he certainly was not the person who disclosed the terrible things he knew, or divulged the scenes he sometimes himself witnessed. He was the confidant of Willem II. in all affairs which allowed of discussion, and continued to be so, till the demise of the king. I also became acquainted with another person in the confidence of Willem II., and who, in every respect, deserved the friendship of a king. It was his aide-de-camp, Major Merkes, afterwards Merkes Van Gendt—a man who, by his own exertion and merit, had risen to that station. When King Willem II. passed the great part of the night in contemplating or framing some project or plan in which he took particular interest, he was always attended by his aide-de-camp, Merkes, who assisted him in his lucubrations. I was soon initiated in the palace, and the production of the king's nightly studies gave me the first occasion, constantly, to attend there. According to the orders of his master, Major Merkes requested me to call at the palace

every morning, so soon as I arose, and to endeavour to complete one of their works in the course of the night. During some months I went to the palace about eight o'clock in the morning, every time that Major Merkes had been studying with the king. Unless something extraordinary, such as a journey or a *revue*, was to take place, no official life was stirring at that hour in the royal dwelling; and no common servant ever interfered with my going into any of the rooms I thought proper to enter. In this manner, I gradually became acquainted with all that was going on in the dwelling of the king, for he was very careless with regard to his papers. The letters which arrived by post, addressed to his majesty, were opened and read by Mr. Van Rappard; those delivered at the palace, by the aide-de-camp, who every day made a summary of them. Only those letters expressly stating that they were private, generally bearing the French words *affaires particulières*, were opened by the king himself, and commonly, with disregard to their contents, laid down in

some corner, and not unfrequently forgotten. The king spent the greater part of the time he devoted to affairs of public importance, in investigating into the seeming amelioration of the state of the army and navy, and of the colonies. The present system of fortifications from Zealand and Berge op Zoom to Maestricht to the east, and Nimwegen* on the north-eastern directions, was the invention of Willem II., who had a penchant for that sort of work, stimulated by his faithful confidant, who belonged to the corps of *génie*. He had also under his consideration the dry-making of the Haarlemmer Meer; and the elaborate plan of it, written in French —"Le Dessèchement du Lac d'Harlem"— was partially indited by him. There was also submitted to his approbation and co-operation the plan of the equestrian statue of Willem, Count of Nassau, to whose

* The fortifications of Breda and Den Bosch, in Nord Brabant, were finished during his lifetime. The *génie* in Nimwegen was to commence the improvements of the western or Krayenhoff fortress of the place in 1849.

heroism and perseverance, Holland, in some measure, owed her independence of Spain. All these, and other plans and schemes, came into my hands, and I shaped them into a correct and grammatical form, at the same time submitting my remarks to the august projector.

All this was in the beginning of the reign of Willem II. Nothing happened in his country to give him the slightest alarm; and he had received many proofs of being beloved by his people. He did not find, in his domestic circle, the satisfaction he had a right to expect; but still he was respected as a father. He blanched when the thought of what his sister had become intruded itself on his mind: but a look from his chaste and lovely daughter, Sophia, changed that blush of shame into one of paternal affection. Conjugal intercourse had ceased to exist; but he spent a short time, nearly every evening, in conversation with his wife, and she did nothing to give him trouble. He was not on friendly terms with his brother, Frederick, and his wife; but he was satisfied that they

were not conspiring against him, and he loved their two beautiful and innocent daughters as if they had been his own;—in fact, he was not unhappy yet.

CHAPTER XI.

Schemers of Financial Measures on the Continent.—Diet and Health of Willem II.—His Parsimony and his Lavishness.—My Visit to the Minister-Oculist, Kremer, in Heeze.—My Doings in that Village.—Cornelia Vogel.

PRINCESS SOPHIA, the beloved daughter of Willem II., was married in the beginning of 1842, to the eldest son of the reigning Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar-Eisenach, a young man of a very plain exterior, having more the appearance and manners of a clown than of a prince—even a German prince—and as hale, robust, and tawny, as Sophia was delicate and refined. The king wept abundantly on parting with his only daughter. The fact was, he had more paternal affection

for her alone, than for all his three sons together. A very unpleasant incident happened shortly before the marriage of the princess, involuntarily bringing to mind the abstraction of the diamonds at Brussels, in 1829, but not so generally known. An Israelitish jeweller called at the king's palace one afternoon, and offered a set of diamond ear-rings for sale. The precious gems were enclosed in a small box, and as the princess was engaged at that moment, she ordered the lackey to place them in her dressing-room. Half an hour afterwards she returned to the room to have a better look at the jewels, but, on opening the box, she discovered that the contents were gone. No one had had access to the dressing-room but the lackey, and he was considered by some at court to be the guilty party, but by others to have been only the instrument. He was dismissed; the police were unrelentingly on his track, but the justice of the royal (the Hague) palace never found out the perpetrator of that daring theft, which cost Willem II.

4,500 guilders.* About six months afterwards, the Duc d'Orléans breathed his last, as described in a previous chapter. It was in the course of this year that disagreeable circumstances began to surround the king, and overshadow the enjoyment of his reign. Many persons to whom he had promised offices or rewards during the time he was crown-prince, became very troublesome to him, and he was the less able to satisfy them all, as the ministry would not appoint any one to public offices whom he had recommended—extraordinary cases only excepted. Van Hall had gradually become a necessity, and that minister made full use of the power he had contrived to usurp. On the other hand, there was De Kempenaer, the deadly foe of Van Hall, as well as of Baud, the Minister of Colonies. So far was their mutual hatred carried, that the ex-confidant of the former Prince of

* I was, in 1845, summoned as a witness before the judge of instruction, Canneman, in the Hague, about this robbery. I referred to a person who I knew was aware of the particulars of it.

Orange returned a rather unfriendly letter of Baud, with the corner of it burnt—one of the greatest insults man can offer to man in Holland. Between these parties the king tried to establish peace; but he was no longer able to do so, and the two ministers having threatened Willem with their resignation, if De Kempenaer continued to send his special reports about the affairs of the state or those of the ministers to the king direct, they gained the victory, and De Kempenaer ceased to have any influence. It was from that time that he lost all decency and self-respect.

The Jonker was not the only one who forwarded reports to the king or the government. It is amusing to observe how, in the petty states of old Europe, projectors of financial measures spring up like mushrooms, whenever a political crisis appears on the horizon. Persons hitherto unheard of, jump upon the scene of public disputation, and at once develop their projects, which are, for the greater part, ludicrous or absurd. Financial concerns then awake the readiness of a great

number of patriots, and, curious enough, these patriots are as rich in schemes as they are destitute of the real thing. The public treasure of Holland was continually suffering from the "*te-kort*," "too short," as the thefts of Willem were then called, and to remedy the evil, different measures were brought on the *tapis*. Among those who forwarded plans to the chief of the State, or the Staten-General, more conspicuous either for their tenacity, presumption, absurdity, or risibility, than others, were Van Der Tuuk, in Haarlem; D. B. Adrian, in the Hague; and Pieter Cleban, L. van Vliet, Cats, and Petrus Jansen, in Amsterdam. The words absurdity and risibility apply more particularly to the two latter. Petrus Jansen afterwards became a personal acquaintance of Willem II.; as regards Cats, he was, at the time I accidentally fell in company with him, a merchant in one of the principal quarters of the Jews in Amsterdam, viz., the Joden-Heeregracht. I was first introduced into his drawing-room, where I found him with his wife and daughters, the two

latter being beautiful specimens of the Hebrew race. In that same room, two large and well-executed pictures, representing the daughters of Isaac giving their father intoxicating liquors, with a full explanation of the expected consequences, formed the chief objects of attraction. I could not help alternately looking now at the pictures, and then at the little sore-eyed, coarse, and ugly Cats, and then again at his rosy and beautiful daughters, who more than once noticed my involuntary diversions, but did not blush. While conversing with him in his drawing-room, I thought that Mr. Cats was a crazy, dull-brained fool; what I heard in his counting-house convinced me that he was a maniac. He opened his chest which stood behind him, and did not close it again, in order that I might see how many bags, apparently filled with coin, he had in his possession. He then requested me to listen to him, as he was going to read one of his *brochures*, which had been published at his own expense. On that occasion, I heard the greatest nonsense and most frothy rig-

marole that could ever have appeared in print. As an instance; let me mention that he firmly asserted that all the heavy smoke of steam-coals, which in continually-increasing quantities, is launched into the atmosphere through the chimneys of steamers, boilers, and engines of every description, would at last sever the equilibrium between the centrifugal and centripetal powers, and cause the earth, then unloosed, to bound through the spheres until she knocked herself to atoms against some other strong planet, the inhabitants of which had not, wisely, indulged in the luxury of steam. Yet such sort of people found—as Cats did when his folly reduced him to beggary—a protector in Willem II. Pieter Cleban, and A. Linck, another publicist, in Naarden, who had both been grieved by the government, were the principal writers at that time; but their productions found no echo amongst the population, and Willem had then no real enemy connected with the press. He read some of those harmless publications, without, however, remedying the grievances. It

would have been better for him if he had not perused them; at least if he had not paid any attention to the absurd financial schemes of Peter Jansen, for then he would never have known the man whose very name alone, in later years, penetrated him with anguish. Some mystery surrounded the degree of acquaintanceship existing between the king and Adrian. The latter had, during a few years prior to 1840, a large factory near Leyden, worth many thousand guilders. As he possessed no fortune whatever of his own, it was generally supposed that the king, when Prince of Orange, had found him the means for the acquisition of that establishment. Adrian carried on his business with some success, until he made hazardous speculations, and commenced living on a grand scale. He failed, and the enemies he had made for himself by his airs and arrogance, among the higher classes of Leyden, caused him to be prosecuted on account of fraudulent bankruptcy; and accused of that crime, he entered the prison of the Hague in 1841. On the occasion of

his trial before the assizes of the Provincial Court of South Holland, he summoned as a witness for his defence, no less a personage than the king himself, who, of course, did not appear in person. Some facts were revealed, during the progress of the case, which created a strange suspicion as to the reasons which could have induced the Prince of Orange to assist Adrian, who had formerly been a private in the army during the Belgian war, to the extent of such considerable sums as were required for starting his extensive factory. After his acquittal, Adrian sold some documents to the Secretary-General of the Ministry of Justice, Muller, in consideration of which Willem II. allowed him a monthly pension, which was paid up to the time of the king's death, when he commenced writing on political affairs, and even accused the Referendaris, D'Engelbronner, of wilful murder.

The health of King Willem II. was rather delicate. From his early university-days at Oxford, he plunged into revelry and debauchery, and as his sordid father, when

King of the United Netherlands, kept him from all participation in public affairs, his fierce, lively temper sought distraction in bacchanalian orgies in Brussels, shortly after his marriage with the sister of the late Russian Emperor Nicholas. The sort of voluptuous life he led, had, as before observed, dissolved the vigour of his mind; and, very naturally, the frame in which that mind had an abode had not, comparatively, suffered less. His entire constitution was enfeebled, and his nervous system continually became weaker. Libidinousness in the camp, in 1835, was the cause of one of those serious attacks of illness which gave a shock to the system, the consequences of which never wholly disappeared. He was so dangerously ill at that time, that his life was despaired of, and he never entirely recovered the health and strength with which he was formerly blessed. Whenever formality created no hindrance, he took a Manilla cigar, and his almost continual smoking, which he never would, or could, leave off, contributed greatly to his constant nervousness. His digestion

was only what it could be under such circumstances. He was a very poor eater,—so much so that, whenever he invited his ministers at the royal table, they took their dinner at home before they dined at the palace, in order not to have the appearance of gourmands. Willem II. was not, as his father was, a very early riser. He usually left his bed at eight in the summer and nine in the winter—and sometimes later. His breakfast consisted of the yellow of two hard boiled eggs, with bread and tea. He lighted a cigar after such a scanty meal, took a walk for a few minutes, and drank a glass of Xeres wine. It was only then that he began to collect his senses, and that his naturally amiable disposition shone through the despondency of intemperance. After having perused his private correspondence, he gave his receptions, which were generally first to the director of his cabinet, Mr. Van Rappard, and then to those of his ministers who desired to communicate with him. Private audiences were given

at twelve or one o'clock, or at five or seven in the evening, just before or after dinner. Willem II. was an exceedingly clever *gourmet*. He tippled the finest wines in the course of the day, and partook of them freely during the evening. It was in that state of intoxication, when the extended nerves caused a temporary excitement and pleasant palpitations, that he forgot his station as a king, and his dignity as a man. It was during those moments that he lost all sense of common prudence, and spoke and wrote to persons of different conditions, as if they had been his intimate friends, and on terms equal with him.

The strictest economy was practised in the king's household, and plenty did not reign in his kitchens. The victualling department of his palace was on a military footing, and nothing could be received or delivered without control. Even the *fourrier*, in the queen's service, had to give a *bon* if he desired any article—as, for instance, gin—from the stores in the palace, and par-

simony seemed to have been studied by the originator of the regulations in the royal *menage*. And yet that man, so niggardly in his household, undoubtedly spent more money than any man of his time. The royal salary was, by the constitution of 1840, reduced to a million of guilders per annum; but besides this, there was a revenue of from six to eight hundred thousand guilders, derived from the royal domains. His queen was one of the most wealthy, and, at the same time, one of the most avaricious women that ever existed; but he knew how to obtain money from her. More than once she gave him a million of guilders on the anniversary of his birthday. He also borrowed money from Amsterdam capitalists, under promise of restitution at his father's death.

Willem II. spent no less than between six and seven millions of guilders per annum, and there were years when he lavished much more than that enormous sum. In what extravagances, one feels inclined to ask, was such a vast amount of treasure

swallowed up? In answer to this question, it must, in the first place, be stated that Willem never touched the public treasure, or gave away money which did not belong to him. He had not the power to do so. All the gratuities and pensions, therefore, which he personally accorded, were paid out of his own *chatouille*, and it must be acknowledged that he assisted many hundreds every year. He was happy himself when he could make others happy, and he very seldom refused to help when unmerited distress and suffering appealed to him. A great number of men, who had rendered him real or imaginary services, lived constantly upon his magnanimity. Large amounts were distributed in Belgium to pay the king's friends, and to keep the Orangist party in existence. Considerable sums were also invested in the building of several farms, and the tilling of uncultivated land, in the neighbourhood of the Hague, and Scheveningen, and of Tilburg. His palace in the Hague was embellished and aggrandised at his own expense; and, besides, he erected a new one

at Tilburg, which, however, he never lived to inhabit. The most choice trees, shrubs, and flowers, the greater part of exotic origin, and very expensive, were planted in his grounds. His cabinet of pictures and engravings formed another heavy item of expenditure. He fancied himself a *connoisseur*, and was highly offended when his judgment of the *beaux arts* was called into question. The picture dealers were aware of his weakness and profited by it. However averse he was to flattery generally, he was the victim of it whenever there was a criticism of paintings. The dealers usually accosted him when he arrived at Tilburg; and it happened on one occasion, that he had not been there longer than an hour, and had spent seventy thousand guilders on a few pictures. When these speculators had a very interesting piece for sale, they would not put a price upon it, but left it to the king to fix its value, as no one, they said, could do so better; and in that manner he often paid ten times more than any one else

would have done. Last, but not least, in this long reckoning, were the hundreds of thousands of guilders cast into the same abyss of abomination in which his honour and dignity were irretrievably lost.

About this part of the reign of Willem II. there was a very prevalent rumour about a Protestant minister of the name of Kremer, residing in Heeze, the same village near which I was attacked on my return from France to Holland. The spiritual comforter was at the same time an oculist, and hundreds of patients came from all parts of the country, and even from Belgium, to place themselves under his care and treatment. As is always the case with great public men, Mr. Kremer had a large number of adherents, and a still greater number of enemies, the latter being chiefly among the medical profession. Pamphlets in favour of, and against the minister-oculist were the order of the day. In some of them he was represented as a philanthropist, abnegating all private interests; in others, he was painted as a mountebank, selling his drugs, not at

fixed prices, it was true, but in the expectation of receiving presents and gifts, and applying for every affection of the eye the same medicament, namely, a *panacea*, which, very likely, was not worth a farthing, and which it had not yet been ascertained destroyed or improved the organ of vision.

The spring of 1842 was drawing to a close, when I received a hint that the king would like to know something further of the clerico-medical man. I also received a letter from one of the patients at Heeze, requesting me to spend a few summer days in that healthy and singularly romantic place; and as I felt a want of relaxation, I determined to make my journey useful as well as pleasant. On going thither, I proposed at the same time to make myself more intimate with the manners, customs, and peculiarities of the inhabitants and the province of Nord-Brabant itself, and I consequently made my journey, as far as regarded that place, on foot. On crossing the Maese, and going towards the meridian, one

cogently feels that it is that estuary which forms the natural boundary between the two countries. The difference between Nord-Brabant and Belgium is scarcely perceptible; but there is no similarity whatever between the North and the South of the line, of which the Moerdyk forms the principal point. Nature did not intend making that large province an integral part of Holland, and indeed it never was, geographically and politically, but only an appendix to it.

Three different races dwell in the two kingdoms of Holland and Belgium,—the Dutch, the Flemish, and Walloon,—and it is a mistake that, if not all united under one and the same government, there should be two instead of three distinct States. If that anomaly did not exist, Nord-Brabant most decidedly would belong to Flanders. The air one breathes in that province is not like the vaporous atmosphere hovering above the swamps of Holland,—it is genuine Flemish air, creating rich and pure blood, and a gay and spirited temper. Its

soil is as well suited for agriculture as Holland's is for pasture. Manners and dress are quite different. The language is not the same on both sides of the river, and the religion is also the reverse,—for more than nine-tenths of Nord-Brabant's population confess the Roman Catholic faith. The rural districts are, like those of Belgium, under the baneful sway of the priesthood, and those propagators of darkness unfortunately possess an absolute authority over the poor and uninstructed. They interfere with all that belongs to life, and with what does not belong to it. They order their flocks not only what to believe and think, but what to do, what to avoid, what to eat, what to drink, what to say, and what to conceal. Their attention extends even to the dress the people wear, and tailor-like instructions are now and then delivered from the pulpit, particularly as regards the apparel of women. It was in the Catholic church of Heeze, that I heard a priest command his female auditors to have their gowns closed up under the chin, and care-

fully to shuffle the breasts under the armpits, in order that they should not excite the fancy of the opposite sex. The same worthy ecclesiastic used to exclaim, whenever a Protestant patient of Kremer entered the Catholic church—"There they come, there they are; the plagues from the North; they come here trying to destroy your future happiness, to bereave you of your participation in the kingdom of heaven, to bring misery upon you, your wives, and your children. Therefore, beware; have as little as possible to do with them; shun them like devils!" I heard him say these words when, at some occasion, I entered his church. He pointed at the same time to myself and two friends who were within the walls. It was, however, chiefly owing to these "plagues" that Heeze owed its material prosperity. Nearly all the families of the village received patients, who paid a comparatively handsome sum for board and lodging.

I found Kremer to be a good-looking little man, of about forty years of age. He

had a very open face—every feature of which spoke of kindness and urbanity. Having made all sorts of inquiries in the village, among the patients as well as among the inhabitants, I applied to him for information, which he gave me with readiness and compliance. I was soon a guest at his table, and had at all times access to him —except when he was in his laboratory, where nobody obtained admittance.

Minute and impartial reports gathered on the spot, did not allow me long to doubt the efficacy of Kremer's treatment, and of the considerable number of human beings to whom he restored that most precious of all our faculties—the eyesight. Whether his medicines were or were not a *panaceum*, was of very small weight with me, looking as I did on the undeniable results they produced, and the blessings the noble minister spread around him. Fully convinced that the balance of good and evil was infinitely in his favour, I communicated to him my intention of publishing a pamphlet about him and his operations, giving him to un-

derstand that his name had been mentioned in high quarters, where there was an anxiety to learn the truth respecting him. It struck me that he was much better acquainted with the king than a clergyman of a small village could be expected to be. He had on more than one occasion spoken to Willem II., and knew his manners and inclinations. Aware of my standing in a favourable position at Court, he earnestly requested me to publish the pamphlet, with my name as author. In the various interviews I had with that good-hearted man, I at last plainly noticed that an idea, or a hope, lay at the bottom of his benevolent actions.

How could that humble preacher foster a keen desire of possessing earthly distinctions, which, in reality, are nothing but tokens of human folly and delusion? That which filled his heart and his brain, which was silently but continually preying upon his mind, was the order of the Lion of the Netherlands. Undoubtedly, the thought of the possession of that order kept

him many nights without sleep, and numberless dreams tricked the coveted piece of metal and ribbon on and from his breast. A height of happiness such as few faces could reflect, appeared on his radiant visage when I promised to use my endeavours in procuring it for him. From that time the Lion was no more an impossibility,—no longer the nightmare of his imagination; it was an expected gratification, of which he had been despairing during a great portion of his useful life. Kremer gave me the names and residences of upwards of a hundred patients whose sight he had restored, and the inquiries I set on foot, proved to me that his statements were perfectly correct.

In some instances, he had cured sufferers who had been given up as hopeless by other doctors. He examined the patients on their arrival with the utmost care, and then told them his opinion. Only in cases where the vision was extinct, and the eye had lost the last organisation of sight, did he refuse to take a person under his treatment, which would have been useless,—but

as long as any life was left in the eye he gladly offered his services; no matter whether the complaint was one of the most serious description, as amaurosis, cataract, &c. I firmly believe that only one ingredient formed the basis of all his compositions, and that that ingredient was *acidum sulphuricum*. The letion was administered by girls of the village, usually three times a day, and the trifle the patients had to pay for their services was all the outlay of the kind they had to make. Kremer never charged anything, either for his attendance or for his medicine. He, probably, now and then accepted presents from wealthy persons whom he had cured, but, on the other hand, he often assisted poor sufferers so far as his means would allow. Not the slightest pecuniary advantages or prospects guided that man's actions—all that he desired for his eminent services was, as he called it, a royal mark of distinction.

The very first day that I arrived in Heeze, I met a young lady I had never seen before; but it appeared at once as if we

had been old acquaintances. Her name was Cornelia Vogel. When her first serious look lingered on my eye, apparently unwilling to retire, my heart beat quicker, a mysterious vibration came over my nerves, and an inward voice seemed to warn me that there would be a fatality between her and myself. She resided in Heeze, not as a patient, but, strange to say, under the *surveillance* of Dr. Kremer. She was twenty-two years of age, and very respectably connected. That was all the information I had at that time. As regarded her exterior, there was a pleasing but grave symmetry in her complexion. She had all the appearance of a young woman of high station, favoured by the gifts of nature. Her high round forehead bore the stamp of thoughtfulness and sad meditation. Her hair was jetty black, and so were her long eyelashes. No red hue ever covered her cheek, and her face had only one colour,—soft, melancholy, light yellow, excepting only her steady blossom-like lips, round which a laugh was never visible, although they concealed a set

of alabaster teeth. I cannot say that there ever existed any material love between us, and still from the first moment, we sought and saw each other, by day and by night, as often as we could clandestinely do it. A sudden, involuntary, affinity had penetrated both, and we resigned ourselves to it, without either of us asking who the other was. She had received an excellent education, and wrote and spoke the French, Italian, English, German, and Dutch languages fluently, and was an accomplished pianist. When in a communicative mood, her words proved that she possessed a good judgment and general knowledge. She did not much respect her earthly existence, considering life rather as a loathsome consequence of an accidental passion of her generator, than as a gift of heaven. Being a misanthrope, she looked with more regard upon the unfeigned brute, than upon that composition of falsehood and pretension — man. Her indifference concerning the human creation made her neglectful of all aspiration and consideration. She had no desire to excel, no wish to court

approbation. Thoroughly acquainted with ancient and modern history, we made them often the topics of our conversation, which generally elicited her bitter remarks, the more striking as they were too true to admit of rational contradiction. She considered past and present generations all alike in arrogance, folly, and wickedness, the only difference being the rough daubing or fine painting, according to the kind of hypocrisy, going by the name of religion, which more or less screened their deformities.

To prolong my stay in Heeze, I made a summary of the work I intended to publish. Cornelia and I met always as secretly as possible, but her guardian, Kremer, at last got scent of it. He did not presume that our intimacy was complete, but so anxious was he for his pupil, that his mere believing us to converse together now and then, made him politely request me to oblige him by finding, without further delay, a good publisher in the Hague, in order that the pamphlet I was preparing might soon be brought

to light. At last I resolved upon returning to the Hague. I agreed with Cornelia to take her from Heeze as soon as I had made proper arrangements. Never did I promise to marry her, nor did she request me to do so, or even make the slightest allusion to a marriage. I knew very well, however, in what state she was when I printed the farewell kiss on her lips; but what I did not know at that time was, that I left a natural daughter of Willem II., *enceinte*, behind me.

The work on the treatment and the cure of disease of the eye by the philanthropic oculist, was published a few weeks afterwards; within the next two years, the good man reached the pinnacle of his wishes, and obtained the sole object of his ambition, the Order of the Lion of the Netherlands, of which he was made a chevalier,—but I never saw Heeze, nor Kremer, nor Cornelia Vogel again.

CHAPTER XII.

Description of the Hague.—Its Inhabitants and its Manners.—My depending upon the King's Gratuities against my Feelings.—Rupture with Van Rappard and the Court.—Return to Groningen.

THE Hague is one of the finest places on the surface of the earth, and stands foremost in the rank of open towns for neatness, comeliness, comfort, and recreation. No gorgeous palaces or decayed hovels form there the hideous contrasts which, in large cities of royal abode, fill the observer with pain and commiseration, and make him feel unhappy himself. There are palaces indeed —royal palaces, too—but their exterior shows no pretension to that high-sounding deno-

mination; and they are inferior in number of stones, and timber, windows, and doors, to many of those extensive, costly buildings in which English merchant-princes reside. Indigence is there to be found, as in all other countries, but poverty is not there what it is in large manufacturing towns—absolute misery and abjectedness. Those huts and dens of wretchedness and starvation which, in nearly all the capitals, form their peculiar quarters or streets, do not disgrace the quiet, earnest, and uniform Hague. It is bare of such extremes in its outward aspect, and it does not look the worse for it. Its streets are nearly all spacious and commodious, lined on both sides with clean, level *trottoirs*, made of yellow bricks, with their sides upwards. Its principal squares are nearly in the centre of the town, one running into the other. Like all other towns in Holland, the Hague is intersected with canals or *grachten*, but not so superfluous as to disparage it. The Dutchman, sturdy as he may be, loves trees, flowers, and birds, and does not banish them

from the place where he daily rests, breathes, and works, but prefers to surround himself with these precious gems of kind nature, and to live in their cheerful company.* They awake soft and silent emotions in the breast, and he loves them so much that he cannot be in good spirits without them. To hear from your bedroom window, on your awakening in the morning, the lovely song of the little goldfinch, mingled with the mysterious noise of the nameless words, whispered by the verdant tree, standing before your own shop or office—must needs influence your temper, and tune your soul for sublime conceptions. The Hague and its immediate neighbourhood has a tree, a flower, and a bird for each of its 80,000 inhabitants.

The *grachten* are on both sides embel-

* Personal names bear witness to this peculiarity. Thousands of Hollanders bear the names of *Boom* (tree), *Bloem* (flower), and *Vogel* (bird); and still more the compounds of those names, as *Boomgaard* (grove), *Bloemhof* (flower-garden), *Vogelberg* (bird's mountain), &c.

lished with trees, and so are the *Voorhout*, the *Vyverberg*, and other streets and squares. All trees and shrubs on public ground are public property; no ugly iron rails surround them, and degrade them to secluded parks. The vagrant has a right to an equal share of the refreshing shade offered by the foliage as the most exalted personage in the realm. Behind many of the dwelling-houses, small as well as large, is a carefully cultivated garden, teeming with the gay ornaments of vegetable life, and favourably differing from the prosaic English yards with their dismal appearance of loneliness and death. The atmosphere is, of course, a Dutch one, and the smell of the stagnant water of the *grachten* is sometimes, during hot weather, very offensive. The western sea-breeze, however, which reaches the town from a distance of three miles, and through a succession of groves, circulates freely along the capacious streets, and sweeps the *effuses* of the marshes to other parts. There was once a plan to transform the Hague into a sea-port, and a splendid canal was cut from the

grachten of the town as far as the downs in the vicinity of Scheveningen, and about a mile from the shores washed by the turbulent German Ocean. This was done during the first years of the reign of Willem I. If such a plan had been projected and undertaken in the British Isles, it certainly would have been brought to a practical result within a few years. But the Dutch Government of that time declared the further construction subject for reconsideration, and, consequently, the canal was left as it is to this day—unfinished and useless. The completion of the work on an extensive scale, and according to a well-conceived plan, would have made the Hague one of the principal ports on the North Sea, and elevated it to one of the chief emporiums of the world. To create, by the hand of man, an inlet from the ocean, into a land where not even a creek is formed by the mighty workmanship of nature, is a task of great moment, attended with considerable expense, and requiring sound judgment, skill, and perseverance; but that such enterprises, in

cases like the present, are feasible, experience has long placed beyond a doubt. The putting the North Sea in direct contact with the Hague, would be a worthy *pendant* to the great undertaking that transformed a lake of a hundred miles in circumference—the *Haerlemmermeer*—into dry tillable ground and fertile pasturages.

Probably a bright future, restoring to Holland true freedom, and imparting to it the *liberal* commercial spirit of the age, may bring a merchant fleet to the quays of the Hague, and another generation may, probably, see the vigorous waters of the ocean cleansing the now stinking *grachts*.—To the north of the Hague is the delightful Haagsche Bosch. No tiresome distance intervenes, for only two fields of grass, in which deer peaceably graze, form a green line of demarcation; nor is the transition abrupt, for houses line the eastern, and tents the south-western part of the wood, like as the trees line the houses of the beautiful town. The little forest describes a square of about two miles in length, and half a mile broad.

It is thickly covered with different sorts of trees, and intersected by many fish-ponds, lanes, paths, and pleasant walks. To the south-east of the Hague runs the canal to Delft, which, on both sides is covered with villas and groves. Voorhout and Ryswyk, the latter well known by the treaty of peace of 1697, are two charming villages between the two towns. South-west from the Hague is the more rural road and canal to Loosduïnen; and west, the *allée* to Scheveningen, overshadowed by majestic trees. The aspect of the environs of the Hague variegate with the compass, and all of them have their peculiar sort of gradation. The town itself contains many edifices of historical interest, of which the ancient castle of the Stadtholders of the United Provinces is the most remarkable. The large hall of that once formidable building was, under Willem I., degraded to a royal Lotery Zaal—saloon for lottery.*

* Instituted in accordance with the abominable sys-

In the vicinity of the former strongholds are rooms of out-houses forming a square, in the back-ground of which the Lotery Zaal stands. A century ago the officers of the Prince of Orange occupied them, and they now serve partly as the meeting-place of the members of the Staten General, and partly as cabinets of some departments of the public service. The several ministerial hotels are all situated on the large squares, and so are the palaces, with the exception of that which was once occupied by Willem I., and which now has for its inmate Willem III.

None of the numerous churches possess any-

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tem which aimed by all possible means to turn public attention from political affairs, and which is still in existence in Holland and other Continental States. Before the revolutionary storms of 1848, the contrivance was called "*Koninklyke Nederlandsche Lotery*" (Royal Lottery of the Netherlands), and after that time the Staats-Lotery (Lottery of the State). We believe the system to have been an unfair one; and that lottery is a national scandal. It produces a few thousand guilders for the treasury, but it brings many individuals to inconvenience and misery.

thing peculiarly interesting, and the Royal Theatre is the only theatre the Hague can boast of. The representations are given as frequently by French as by Dutch dramatists, the first being, however, generally much favoured above the Dutchmen. A narrow-minded, aristocratic etiquette, pitiful and ludicrous at the same time, has drawn scrupulous distinctions between different classes, and not according to the quality of the *man*, but according to the rank of the slave of the king, or the servant of the state, is the admittance into one of the *societeiten* (clubs) granted or refused. The other places of public resort are the *koffyhuizen*, under which denomination must be placed inns and taverns, as well as common public-houses. No true scion of a place-hunting or aristocratic family ever enters these houses, to which the greater part of the male population resort for peaceable conversation and *divertissement*.* From time to time a ball or

* The public-houses on the Continent are not the cause of so much misery as those of Great Britain. The latter

concert is given at one of the palaces, or at one of the ambassadorial or ministerial hotels, or in places of more modest life; and these are the principal public relaxations in the Hague. But a certain spirit of reserve pervades and spoils all these amusements, and its pernicious effects are felt whenever there is a contact between man and man. Beautiful, open, and inviting, is nature in and around the Hague, but coldness and formality characterise the exterior action of its inhabitants. The fact is, that in all continental

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require a thorough reform to put a stop to the disgraceful drunkenness and its awful consequences. Teetotalism, or entire abstinence, will never do as a general rule. The good it does is exceptional. Moreover, men exposed to damp and cold, living in boreal countries like this, sometimes require a cordial and refreshing draught. Thousands of people daily make appointments to meet in public-houses. Their business, or their interest, or gratification of conversation, induces them to go there. Such is the case on the Continent as well as in the British Isles; but there is this difference: in the latter the visitor is obliged to drink either flat wine, enervating spirits, stupifying ale, dull porter, or apathetic ginger-beer. On the Continent, where the public-houses are conducted on another, infinitely superior plan, one can

residences of sovereignty the power of moral reflexibility reigns, and especially among the numerous classes of persons forming the *burcaucratie*. The voluntary or involuntary impulse emanating from a mortal being, who sits, either by accident or by a convention degrading to humanity, on a set of planks covered with silk or satin, and called a throne, penetrates into the customs and manners, aye, into the sacred household affairs, and into the personality of his equals, residing in the same town as himself, but not

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take what he likes, without being compelled to swallow intoxicating drinks. He can be served with a cup of chocolate or of tea, of coffee or of *bouillon*, with a glass of water and sugar *(eau sucrée)*, &c.; and bigotry is not successful there in interfering with innocent games, as billiards, chess, draughts, dominoes, cards, &c., which are daily played in respectable continental public-houses. There the glass does not always stand before one's eyes. And this, really, is the main—let me say the only reason—that soberness is the standard rule on the Continent, and drunkenness the rare exception. It is not here the place to enter upon relative details; but this most important subject is worthy the mature study of philanthropists. To assert that the English have a *propensity* for drinking and drunkenness is an absurdity—if not an outrage on common sense.

sitting on similar planks. As if it were not enough of shame and degradation to be, according to what is called constitution or law, the doomed slave of such a man, the submission must be completed by aping the taste, the inclinations, the anomalies, and the depravity of the royal or imperial master and his mistress. Ceremonious people they are, those inhabitants who have the honour of inhaling nosopoetic ichor, vapouring forth from royal and princely abodes, for ceremony is the sister of falsehood, and both are satellites of thrones. Courtesy is degenerated civility; friendly as is the latter, so heartless is the former. People in the Hague are very courteous, for courtesy is cultivated in the palaces; but confidence-creating civility is a strange article in the royal town of Holland. Under that glossy mask of social life, however, runs the current of the wildest passions and unbounded extravagances; and virtue, rare, but sublime, and crimes which have no names—the quintessence of what is good, but insignificant in proportion to the concentrations of all that is

evil—are hidden behind the curtain which separates the exterior from the interior mode of existence. Ambition, idleness, and a love of natural voluptuousness, are the principal producers of the most awful acts; and there is not, perhaps, a family of high standing in the Hague, without some member or relation being guilty of some horrid crime. Morality, in general, is at a very low ebb, and has more of appearance than of reality. Many young women are very precocious, and the bonds of matrimony do not weigh too heavy with either sex. It requires, besides other qualities, time and tact to get introduced into private circles in the Hague; but when once initiated, a multiplicity of connexions, sweet and dangerous, imperceptibly follow, and he who is considered to be a man who buries the secret of the favours bestowed upon him in his own bosom, is a welcome guest wherever he appears.

I lived very retired in the beginning, until some adventures swept me into the libertine world, and made me change the one tender attraction for the other. The companies I

then commenced to frequent were of the most multifarious kind, and belonging to all classes of society. Despising all rigid formality, I again appeared in society as I had always done before—decently, but *sans façon* and *sans souci*. As a *protégé* of the king, and keeping far from all ostentation, I fancied nobody would interfere with my private affairs; but I was mistaken. On one morning, the king's aide-de-camp, Merkes Van Gendt, related to me, almost word for word, the tenor of what I considered a friendly conversation which I had had the evening before in a public-house. His intention was to prove to me the necessity of avoiding company below my station; but his communication had quite another effect. I cursed the secret police, and felt a disgust at their existence.

Shortly after my arrival in the Hague, I had taken apartments in a house tenanted by a pensioned lacquey, who had been for many years in the service of Willem I., and who was acquainted with many particulars regarding his former master and his eldest son. I

occasionally took my dinner with him and his wife, and then had an extra bottle of claret sent up, which made the old man talkative.* He had several times been a witness to the exhibition of animosity between Willem II. and his royal father. He had seen the king, when Prince of Orange, kneeling to his mother, the late Queen of the Netherlands, for money. He gave me the names of more than twenty persons whom he was certain of having had suspicious connection with Willem II. The list of that shocking enumeration commenced in Brussels as far back as 1828. The circumstantial description of the facts connected therewith, sometimes made an impression upon me difficult to describe; but although I had no reason to doubt the old lacquey's veracity, yet I could not harbour the idea that his Majesty King Willem II. kept his Antinouses, and committed horrors, which, during the last centuries, were punished by death at the

* His name was Eyffinger. He was afterwards appointed *concierge* of the Roman Catholic church-yard, between the Hague and Scheveningen.

stake. On the other hand, the thought that I accepted assistance from such a man was sometimes tormenting and perplexing in the extreme. Keenly did I feel that I degraded myself by receiving it, when once the chief clerk of the king's treasury, in handing to me a royal gratuity, with an insolent, scrutinising look, put the impertinent question: why I was so much favoured by the king. It will be recollected that the king told me, at the first interview I had with him, that I could at all times have the necessary whenever I applied to him. I did not foresee that, when in want, I should have, not to apply to but to pray the king to grant me a new favour or grace, by giving me more money, to make myself every time more dependent upon him. I will acknowledge that I never experienced a refusal, but I was soon of opinion that I made a sacrifice of my honour by writing to him in a supplicating manner, and so much the more so, as he had ceased to hand or to send me the required funds himself, and I had to receive them either through the intermedium of Van Rappard,

the secretary of his cabinet, or through that of Ragay, his treasurer. This, and the irregular sort of my occupations, induced me to request the king to appoint me to some public office, as he had promised me he would do. The reply was, that the office which he had in view for me was not yet vacant.

Immediately after my return from Heeze, I set busily to work to finish my pamphlet about the operations of Kremer, which I sold to one of the first publishers in the Hague.* The *brochure* was written in a spirit of impartiality and love for truth; and I desired to produce the effect that the generous acts of the minister-oculist should be appreciated by the public at large. I had, however, my name as author only, printed in those copies which I made as presents to the members of the dynastic family, and a few high functionaries, and

* De genezing der oogziekten door den Wel Eerwaarden Zeer Geleerden Heer Kremer, Predikant der Hervormden te Heeze. Te 's Gravenhage, by J. Van T. Haaff. 1842.

purposely left it out of the others, although instantly requested by Kremer not to publish the work anonymously. The principal reason that I did not comply with his wishes was, that I foresaw that my being on good terms with the government might be of short duration, and that, when once turned against them, my name, publicly connected with his own, might perhaps be prejudicial, certainly not of any good to him in obtaining the long-coveted order of the Lion.

The certainty of my being spied by the royal agents of the secret police; the increasing bitterness of the idea that I was dependent upon the king's alms, and could actually consider myself, what I had feared to the utmost, to be in servility; and at some moments, above all, the anxiety about Cornelia, tormented my mind and turned my head. I was deeply unhappy when left to my own meditation, and the only remedy for my mental illness was diversion. I formerly enjoyed the true charms of Nature, and could lose myself in quiet contemplation, undisturbed by worldly thoughts;

but I now plunged headlong into the abyss of the pleasures of the Hague, and many a precious day I spent in dreams of absorbing love and voluptuousness, only to awaken with an excruciating sentiment of redoubled wretchedness. Cornelia wrote to me that she feared she would not be able much longer to conceal her situation from Kremer, and begged me to fetch her away. Unfortunately, my financial resources were exhausted through my blameable recklessness, and the king, on my reluctantly applying to him for a new subsidy, allowed me, just now that I required it more than ever, a much smaller sum than, after an interval of many weeks, he usually accorded.

Seeing that such a state of things could not last, I at once reformed my habits, and wrote a confidential letter to Van Rappard, in which I explained my griefs, and my anxiety about the poor patient in Heeze. My communications were too candid, and my complaints too well based on facts, to meet with the reception I experienced. On calling upon him for a verbal reply, as I in-

timated I should do, he treated me with studied coolness, and interwove his remarks with allusions savouring of intimidation. I soon perceived that he knew Cornelia Vogel better than I did, at least with regard to her relations, and the episodes of her past days. He first desired on his own authority, and afterwards on that of his master, that I should marry the lady whom I had—according to their belief—seduced. In vain I repeated what I had already written to him, that there was so much concealed of her former life to which I could find no clue; that a word had never passed between us about marriage; and that she did not come to my arms a virgin. I told him that all I knew of her was that her father had been a Protestant minister in Leyden; that she had received her education in Harderwyck, and that there were a couple of years in her youthful life covered with impenetrable mystery, during which, I feared, she had been the courtezan of a royal prince. I ascertained afterwards that I was mistaken, but Van Rappard,

who could have given me better information, did not even say a word to appease my cruel suspicion. He was extremely laconic; and his only argument was that I was, whatever circumstances might exist, the father of the expected child. He suggested my leaving the Hague, and marrying her in Wychen, a secluded village in Guelderland, there to live happy and retired. In that case, a very liberal pension would be settled upon me for life, and would be regularly forwarded, without my having to ask for it any more. Should I not feel inclined to comply with that reasonable arrangement, continued subsidies, he feared, could be no longer granted.

This latter expression fully opened my eyes, and filled me with the painful idea of my abasement. The blood ran hot through my veins, and I emphatically declared to him, that, from that moment, I would do without his master's favours. Long was I ruminating over the unenviable state in which I found myself. I concluded that want of sufficient experience, and too much

natural goodwill had caused me to be a pitiable tool ever since I saw the confidant of the prince of Orange, De Kempenaer, in Leeuwarden. In all that had transpired, especially from the time I resided in the Hague, I now discovered the same hand, always ready to adjust the strait jacket of moral slavery round my temporarily degenerated, but still unsubdued spirit. The hint I had received to go to Heeze, my journey thither, and its consequences, now appeared to me to be the effects of a premeditated plan, calculated to bring me into a scrape, which would have put the cover on the coffin of my liberty. I considered myself humiliated, and on the verge of abnegating the identity of my soul—but not yet lost. Nothing was required to save myself but the courage at once to throw off the degrading yoke of a libertine; and that courage was revived in me tenfold. The day after my colloquy with Van Rappard, I was politely requested to be kind enough to come to the cabinet of the king, but the desire to get rid of the royal nuisance was too great

not to decline the honour of a reconciliatory interview.

And again I was an honest, simple, and sober Republican; again I was a man. What sacrifices would I not have made, could I have recommenced my political career over again; and how would I have avoided the pestiferous atmosphere that surrounds those glittering dens of crime, infamy, and depravation, called royal palaces. But, if I could not recall the past, I could at least form a good resolution for the future. I had not visited Groningen since I left that place on my escape from prison. The best course I could now follow, I thought, was to return to my old friends and acquaintances, to ascertain whether sufficient elements for the formation of a new democratic nucleus were left. I informed Cornelia of what had taken place. Sorry as I was that I could not fulfil her wishes and our former agreement, I besought her to trust in her guardian Kremer, who was too good and generous a man to deprive her of his friendship when she would be most in want of it.

Thereupon I left for Groningen, firmly decided that when another opportunity for a Republican revolution should occur, I would rather promote a well-directed outburst at the risk of my life, than refuse to take the lead of it, as a want of noble temerity had caused me to do on a former favourable occasion.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Printer of the *Volk der Vryheid*, Bolt, breaks up his establishment in Groningen, and I commence to publish with him the *Onafhankelyke* in Amsterdam. —Prosecutions against the *Onafhankelyke*.—Bolt's transactions with the Government.—I return to Paris. —Death of Willem I.

ONLY two years had elapsed since I had left Groningen, but so eventful had that period been to me, that it seemed as if a decade at least intervened between the day of my flight and the day of my return. The circumstances under which I left, and those which brought me back, were altogether different. When I made my escape from Groningen, the servile officers of the men of justice were on my track, anxious to try

on me the experiment of four years' imprisonment, afterwards increased to ten; but I laughed merrily at the tools of the law, and plunged into the wide world, with a gay heart and an easy mind. I had not, on my return to the ancient town, any occasion to fear being suddenly thrown into a dungeon again. I was free, perfectly free! and was not even threatened with a prosecution; but nevertheless, I did not enter inside Groningen's walls the same cheerful young man I had been. My conscience told me that I had been swerving from true Republican principles, and even when I could reason away the stinging self-accusation of political inconsistency, there was something else of which I could never unburden myself, and that was the weight of experience. Happy does the child of nature feel on making the discovery of a virtue, or of the shape or of the peculiarity of a virtue, hitherto unknown to him, and no future can destroy the pleasure of such an event in his life. But painfully is his mind afflicted every time it is troubled with

the thought of the existence of crimes formerly ignored; and, although no guilt rests on his head personally, he fancies, in his melancholy moments, that the abhorrences committed by his species in general, reflect upon the individual, forming as he does an ingredient of society, and bitterness fills his soul when, speaking to his Creator, he is compelled to say that he is ashamed of being a human being.

I was very well received into all the places and companies I had been in the habit of visiting in Groningen; and it was not without joyful satisfaction I perceived that the dogmas which had been propagated by the *Tolk der Vryheid* had borne their fruit. No vestige of that slavish submission, of which I had formerly complained in my paper, was longer visible, and a sort of democratic spirit characterised the toiling classes. I had not heard of the *Tolk* since my return from Paris; but I now found that the paper still existed—in name only—nothing more. The number of its subscribers was decimated, and its contents had ceased to cause

patriotic hearts to beat with warm enthusiasm. The poor *Tolk* had been successively under the care of a doctor of medicine, of a lawyer, and of a chemist, and was quite altered by the different manipulations it had gone through. I was, as just stated, everywhere received in a friendly manner; but I soon discovered that I had lost the real friends —the men who relied upon me as I could rely upon them. The unlimited confidence I had enjoyed was shaken, and could not be restored by the simple account I gave them, about all that I had passed through, and what I intended to do. No doubt I could gradually have retrieved that confidence, had I retaken the direction of the *Tolk*, but I was too anxious immediately to make up for the past, and to move in an active and positive sphere. The publisher, Bolt, had continued to issue the paper, not so much on account of its being then a lucrative business, as to show that he was not reconciled to the government, although Willem II. had ordered his release from prison. Altogether he had been very roughly treated, for shortly after

I left Groningen he was arrested, handcuffed, and transported from that place to Hoorn, a distance of about 180 miles, and in the latter place he was put upon the same footing with thieves and scoundrels, and in some respects was worse off than the refuse of society. He had undergone six months, and, consequently, one-fourth of his term of imprisonment, when Willem II. made his official entry as king into Groningen, on which occasion a free pardon was granted to him. I had always dealt fairly with Bolt, and he was, therefore, delighted to see me again. He would at all times, he said, be happy to print the productions of my pen, and would, if required, follow me with his type, his printing presses, &c., wherever I thought proper to recommence my political career. That offer struck me as speaking highly of his attachment to myself and the cause I advocated. Bolt resided in a commodious house, in which his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather had carried on for nearly two centuries the printing and publishing business. It was there that he

and his progenitors were born; and so were his half-dozen children, of whom the eldest was scarcely six years old. His forefathers had thriven in that house, and Bolt himself had even now no reason to complain. I requested him to take all these circumstances into his mature consideration; his reply was, that he had made up his mind, and he persisted in the offer he had made.

I felt there was something grand and redeeming in the idea that, after I had been looked upon in the Hague as a morally overpowered, submissive wretch, satisfied with crouching for a bare sustenance, I should all on a sudden reappear at the head of a Republican newspaper, with the same presses which had produced the *Tolk*, ready to divulge my thoughts and words. And in order not to do things by halves I proposed to Bolt, who was only too happy to agree with all that I suggested, to publish our paper in the largest town of the Netherlands—Amsterdam—not two or three times a-week, but daily, and to call it *De Onafhankelyke*—"The Independent." Arrived at that decision,

and all necessary arrangements having been made between Bolt and myself, I did not prolong my stay in Groningen, and left for Amsterdam, in order the better to become acquainted with the social elements of that important town, and to prepare for the publication of the *Onafhankelyke*. The bulk of the population of Amsterdam may properly be divided into three classes. One of them is the wealthy mercantile community. As egotism is the pivot of business transactions and speculations, conceptions of true patriotism, demanding the sacrifice of private interests for the common weal, very seldom enter the compact brains of calculating representatives of metallic currency. This axiom more especially applies to the ex-denizens of the fallen maritime republics, where the heel of despotism extinguishes the last sparks of cosmopolitan and patriotic abnegation; where oppression, shared by all, does not cause the formation of association and conspirations against the common foe, but screws every man in his own room, or creates different circles of party interests,

divergent, but all having the same *point d'appui*, viz., the touchstone that values the performances of human life according to profit or loss, to Cr. or Dr., to *money*. No tradesmen can be more *solide* in their business affairs, fairer in their commercial dealings, or more punctual in their pecuniary transactions, than the respectable Amsterdam houses; but the horizon of all the actions of the Dutch merchant is reflected in his counting-house, and the secrets of his excitement sleep within the walls of the Exchange.

There was once a time that the term mercantile moneyocracy included the significations of the words—nobility of mind; that time, however, belongs to the bygone days of the glorious republic, whose defenders preferred death to thraldom. Submission first and adulation afterwards, dissolved the patriotic virtue of the merchant of Holland in the crafty overbearance of the stadtholders and kings. Large staple-towns of flourishing commerce and industry always attract a number of foreign merchants and specu-

lators, who increase the animosities of the trade and extend its field of rotation. These foreigners, however, are injurious to the interests of the native merchant, when the preponderance of their number and influence, and the effects of their machinations, destroy his fair prospects. They are more detrimental still to the nationality of the inhabitants. They were principally Germans who overflowed Amsterdam, and as the majority of German politicians and men in business consider Holland to be a geographical appendix to *Das grosse Deutsche Vaterland*, and would like to see the incorporation and absorption of its territory by Germany, another result has been that the word "Holland," among mercantile classes, is a mere name, to which no love of native soil is attached. The same may in some respects be said of the retail merchants and dealers. Here, however, the degeneration is neither so great nor so general; and it must be averred that many a shopkeeper and publican in Amsterdam is as warm a friend of his country as he is an inveterate enemy to its

despots and oppressors. This assertion is still more applicable to its thousands of honest artisans and working men. As for the lower characters, they display for the greater part in every metropolis the same sort of peculiarities, and the constant readiness for tumult and uproar when the anticipation of coveted plunder is held out to them. Likewise unpretending philosophers and men of the liberal professions are in Amsterdam, as in all other places, to a great extent republicans, either secretly or avowedly. They do not generally walk among the crowds of any of the different clan:—they march at their side. Passive spectators during the usual course of events, they put themselves in the vanguard of well-arranged movements, tending to the path of progress and enlightenment. I was confident that there were a great number of persons of that description in Amsterdam. Taking the different dispositions and inclinations altogether, I believed it would not be very difficult to form in Holland's capital an active centre of republican principles.

My endeavours, however, to secure literary assistance beforehand failed. Amongst the persons of some note with whom I tried to come to an understanding was a celebrated lawyer of the name of Lipman, who boasted that he was willing to contribute with his pen and his gold to all undertakings aiming at the extension of freedom and general happiness. He was a Jew, and it would appear as if all eminent men of that persuasion, when ascending the flight of politics, imbibe some peculiar sort of charlatanry, inducing the unceremonious and unselfish defender of his opinions to recede from their acquaintance.

Bolt arrived in Amsterdam in April, 1843, and a vessel containing his presses and types, conveyed by his Groningen compositors and printers, soon followed, and within a week from the arrival of the latter, the first number of the *Onafhankelyke* circulated through the Netherlands. A second, a third, and a fourth specimen number were gratuitously distributed, and the subscribers having freely come forward, the date on which the regular

publication should take place was agreed upon. A few days before that time Bolt requested me in a friendly way, that as he always returned my manuscripts with the proofs, I should sign a copy of each of the issued papers, only as a guarantee, *pro forma*, his wife having desired him to do so. As he knew by experience that I was not mean enough to allow him or anybody else to be answerable for what I wrote, I could not help wondering at his conduct. He was, moreover, so obsequious in his behaviour, that I suspected something unusual had happened. As, however, I had always known him to be sincere and straightforward, I could not fancy that he was actually engaged in a plot against me, and, to tranquillize his scrupulous wife, I did not hesitate a moment to give him the desired signatures.

During the latter part of the same day I received a *dagvaarding* or summons to appear before the *regter-commissaris*, or interrogatory judge of the district tribunal in Amsterdam, an indictment having been found by that tribunal against all the four editions

of the paper. I had given myself no uncommon pains to write these first productions in the genuine Dutch style—lukewarm; and had preferred no direct accusations against any authority. In spite of my moderation, one or two articles in each number were picked out, and according to the instructions of Van Hall, the *alter ego* of King Willem II., the compliant judges in Amsterdam ordered a prosecution to be set on foot. One of those articles was an innocent plagiarism, taken from a newspaper against which no judiciary complaint was ever laid.

On the morning of the day when I had to appear before the judge, I received a letter from a person in the Hague, with whom I had been on amicable terms, and who, although not directly connected with the *employés* of the king, or other functionaries, was nevertheless generally well informed as to what was going on in higher quarters. From him I learnt that a creature of the secret police had, sometime before, when in Amsterdam, invited Bolt to come over and

pay him a visit in the Hague, and on that occasion the latter had been induced to sell his presses and his liberty of action, and to enter into a conspiracy against me. The nature of the plot was, that Bolt was to receive a good sum, at least double the value for all which belonged to his printing establishment; and further, a monthly stipend, for all of which he had nothing to do but to abstain from publishing. This arrangement was made with a view of leaving me without an opportunity of editing a daily newspaper in Amsterdam, as all the other printers of any note and means were thought to be too cowardly, dependent, slavish, or selfish, to embark in a similar affair.* It had further been arranged that Bolt should every time promise and postpone the promise of honorary payment; and that as soon as they had contrived to

* No daily paper of republican tendencies was ever published in Amsterdam. The first writer who, during the *fatherly* portion of the reign of Willem I. edited a weekly newspaper in that town, written in a good style, and very cleverly conducted, was more than once sentenced, and died a victim to tyranny in the prison of Den Bosch. I forget his name.

get me further into debt, I should be imprisoned on that account, the personal hostage for debts in Holland being a term of five years for every party to whom another is indebted.

In the meantime I was every now and then to be summoned before the *regter-commissaris*, to prevent my having any repose or inclination for steady business, and to push me forward in the slippery and dangerous path of dissipation. It was on the next day, my friend added, that Bolt was to receive the first royal reward for his treachery, at the house of Jan Wap, the ex-editor of the *Noord Brabanter*, whose name has been before mentioned.

For an instant I was perplexed. I despised as much as ever the abominable interference of the contemptible creatures depraved enough to commit heinous injustice in the name of the law, but I never expected much better from Dutch judges, as long as in the service of the House of Nassau;—it was my unexpected betrayal by Bolt which plunged me into despair. The fibres of my energy,

however, recovered at once their strength. I clearly saw that I was in a very critical position, and that I should require all my prudence and presence of mind to escape the snares which were artfully set about for me. The king, Van Rappard, Van Hall, were, every one, intent upon my perdition. Shortly after I had left the Hague there appeared an advertisement in the *Haarlemsche Courent*, to the purport that a certain *onverlaat* (a very wicked person) had seduced a lady of highly respectable connexions, and that a suitable gentleman who was willing to marry her would receive a liberal dowry, and the appointment to a superior rank in the East Indian possessions of the kingdom. That seduced lady, I ascertained, was Cornelia Vogel.

I formed all my plans of escaping from my perilous situation on the knowledge I had of Van Hall's character. I had studied that man, and although he was for some years my bitterest enemy, and never my friend or protector, truth compels me to confess that he had neither the effrontery of an

unpolished upstart—as I have already stated —nor the effeminate servility and entire want of real self-esteem of common courtiers. Convinced, on the one hand, that he was cognizant of the scandalous scheme, and, on the other, aware that he would repudiate the idea of his name being mixed up with this disgraceful affair, I immediately wrote a letter to my friend in the Hague, in which I made it appear as if I had been informed by another party of all the transaction, and requested him in a separate note to cause that letter to be put on Van Hall's desk, before the settlement at the house of Jan Wap should take place.

I then left my lodgings to obey the summons that called me before the judge of interrogation; and I must here relate another of the thousand base means by which some of the worthless governments on the continent attempt to overawe the tyrant-ridden population. A judge of investigation has a particular room for hearing witnesses and summoned persons, in the common edifice of the public sittings of the District Tribunals, and

another in every gaol for detentive prisoners. The latter room was allowed him, with the alleged intention that the apprehended persons, kept in custody on suspicion, should not be openly brought through the streets, and on their way to the Tribunal be exposed to the public view, every time the *regter-commissaris* wanted to interrogate them. Such was the alleged intention; the practical use that is made of these differences in the rooms is in accordance with the difference in the summoned parties. It does not matter, however, whether they appear merely as witnesses, or as the principals—whether they belong to the male or female sex; nor is the nervousness of their system at all considered. The idea of a prison is, on the continent, infinitely more horrid and dismal than in England. There it means rather a standing threat of terror and despotism, an abode of dreadful wretchedness and despairing misery, than a place of reclusion for criminals and rogues. And many an unpleasant thought and hour of unhappy feelings brings a summons in

timid persons calling them, be it even as witnesses, to the judge's gloomy room in the prison. All individuals belonging to families having for the head or near relation a free-thinking man with an unshackled tongue, are summoned to make their appearance at the dreary gaol; and the friend of the judge, or the submissive dotard, or the faithful tax-paying subject, is invited to the judge's airy and pleasant room in the palace of justice. Nevertheless, these continental countries have, in their constitutions, very conspicuously stated that all persons are equal in the eye of the law.

I presented myself, at the hour named, at the dreary gates of the Amsterdam prison on the Heilige Weg (the Holy Road), and was ushered into the common room of the turnkeys, a sort of receptacle for all new comers, frightfully adorned with keys, handcuffs, iron bracelets, chains, and several instruments for securing the neck, the arms, and legs of human bodies. The poignant recollections of my sufferings in the cellar at Groningen gradually stole upon me. I

sat down, speechless, and fancied myself in prison again. I have nothing of superstition about me, but true it is that a sort of prescience or presentiment suddenly seemed to warn me that I should enter that prison on another occasion, not as now with leave to quit it, but as a captive.* I had been sitting in that dreary room for upwards of an hour when it pleased the judiciary automaton to call me into his unpromising-looking apartment. Indignation with the Machiavelism which caused me to be there, succeeded the torpitude into which my mental wanderings had wrapped me. Recovering, however, all my self-possession, I met my inquisitor with apparent indifference and stoicism. After the most evasive answers to the usual questions about the purport and intention of the criminated articles, his clerk put down, at my dictation,

* Three years afterwards I was actually taken into the same room, more dead than alive, with chains and handcuffs compressing my pulses, my hands and fingers fearfully swollen, and a mixture of thin blood and forced perspiration dropping from under my nails.

that I knew all that was going on with regard to the *Onafhankelyke;* that I should be degrading myself by longer allowing my name to be mixed up with that of a publisher who had been base enough to make bargains, as Bolt had done, and that I would, if the minister, Van Hall, would retract his order for prosecuting and harassing me, pledge my word not to write for the *Onafhankelyke*, or any other of the perfidious prints. I further suggested that his Excellency could, after this assurance having been given, save the king the expenses, and, what was of more consequence, himself the obliqueness of the mean transaction. The judge lost no time in transmitting my declaration to the Hague, and my friend, who was only too happy to see treachery disappointed, wrote me two days afterwards that Bolt had presented himself, exactly at twelve o'clock on the appointed day, at the house of Jan Wap, where the bank notes were actually lying to recompense him for the betrayal, but where a few hours before an order to a somewhat contrary effect

had arrived. Bolt was received at the door and—discarded! As for the indictments against the four editions of the paper, I never heard anything more of them. What a country to live in, it must be, where the laws slumber upon the robes of the authorities, and where such compromises can be made!

My correspondent in the Hague, who had proved to be my friend, was not a man of high social standing. His name was Jan Otten, and he was the proprietor of a respectable *Koffyhuis*, called the *Hof van Berlyn*. He was also an under-adjutant in the civic guard, and enjoyed the confidence of his commanding officer, who was an *habitué* at the palace of Willem II. From that officer, as well as from the *employés* who frequented his house, he knew how to squeeze out the information he required. To be acquainted with the daily occurrences and incidents in the palace, and in company he never was allowed to enjoy or dislike, constituted the empty glory of that good-natured man, so much so that he some-

times neglected the affairs of his calling, and should have served his customers with a glass of gin when he was in search of an aristocratic gossip, or endeavouring to unravel some mystery of the Court. He was proud that the attempt to ensnare me had failed, and quite delighted at the termination of Bolt's nefarious machinations. Nor could he forget that he had been the means of preventing the expected conclusion of the perfidy which, in the beginning, threatened to be of the most serious consequences to my safety. In his expansion of joy and friendship he entreated me to return to the Hague, and in the most emphatic manner assured me that he should not give himself any rest until he saw me "happy."

After all that had transpired, and anxious to avoid meeting Bolt, I thought it advisable to leave Amsterdam, and, accepting the invitation of my friend Otten, I went back to the Hague. But I refused to make any personal effort to produce a better understanding with the persons I formerly had to deal with, and lived retired, devoting the

greater part of my time to study and the writing of articles for a few periodicals, and quietly awaiting the events. After all that Otten had told me, I had at least expected that the government of Willem II. would have offered me, of their own accord, some honourable employment. But I waited in vain, and was very soon tired of living in wearisome suspense.

In the latter part of 1843 I resolved to return to Paris, and to reside there or to go farther to Madrid. Consequently I wanted a passport. Had I been on good terms with the government I should have had nothing to do for its obtainment but verbally to apply to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Abominable is that system, conceived in the shallow brains of cowardly tyranny, that takes a description of travelling men, as if they were *colis* or animals, and throws them into a horrid prison if not provided with an official testimonial of their identity. But the climax of abomination in this case lies in the application. Continental subjects, not in good odour with

their paternal government, have much to do before they can become possessed of such a precious document. I was told that no passport would be given me unless I had a certificate from the principal commissary of police in the Hague, stating that I was a quietly conducted and good citizen. I had never been in conversation with that honourable authority, and did not know him, but as I shall have to speak of him on more than one occasion hereafter, I had better at once say that his name was Waldeck—a man of notorious significance in the Hague. He received me with awkward civility, and was evidently acquainted with the reason of my visit. On asking him for the required certificate, he gave me to understand that as he had not the pleasure of knowing me, I was required to bring him a declaration of two of the most respectable persons of the division of the Hague in which I had been residing for the longest period, and in which declaration there was to be a statement that I was really and positively a well-conducted and quiet citizen,

and that, moreover, that declaration was to be confirmed by the *Wyk-meester* (civil superintendent of the division), where those two persons were residing. I brought him that paper the next morning. After having perused it the sbire exclaimed in a fit of astonishment that he did not understand how it was possible that those men could thus testify in my favour, and taking a large book out of a cupboard and opening it with the self-complacency and pride of an important blind instrument of despotism, allowed me a glance in it, which showed me how, from the very first day of my arrival in the Hague, my name had been inscribed in his *Zwarte Boëk* —Black Book—and all my doings (according to the mendacious reports of his spies) had been, day by day, recorded. "The gentlemen," he added, "who delivered to you this declaration do not know you; but I must tell you now that I know you, and that I refuse to grant your application."

I therefore went to the house of the famous D'Engelbronner, and had a private interview with him. There was nothing

about that man but apparent simplicity, innocence, bashfulness, and piety, and it required a physiognomist of no common experience to discover in his deep lying eye the indication of hypocrisy and perversion. His looks were not straightforward enough to meet the beams of other human beings, they were first cast to the ground, and gradually rose to intercept those of his interlocutor. Although not fully forty years of age, many wrinkles divided his tawny forehead into horizontal sections, extending nearly to its bald top. He was seemingly very open-hearted, and related to me some episodes of his life. Once he had experienced a time when he had seldom any other food but bread and water, that he was penniless, and with starvation staring him in the face. But then when once a friendly hand had given him a lift he had fortified himself in his position, and from thence he had risen, by assiduity and perseverance, to the highest step on the ladder on which he now stood. Never would he advise young men to throw away their positions in life, and he assured me that if

I would promise him to abstain from political and plebeian society, he would cause my re-instalment to former favours. I declined these honours, and told him that I only wanted a passport. He was sorry to find me obstinate, but would oblige me with it if I would confidently tell him what business I had in Paris or Madrid. And I did tell him, confidently, and with all the veracity I was able to impart, that it was to look for a place as corresponding clerk in a merchant's office, which, of course, I could not accept in my own country. The next day I received my passport at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs—*gratis*. I immediately left for Paris, with the intention of communicating all that had occurred to General Fagel, and temporarily to enter the office of a Parisian or Madrid paper as translator from foreign journals.

I had only taken a few days' rest and amusement in Paris when I was informed by a friend in the Hague that Willem I. had died suddenly at Berlin, as previously mentioned. The newspapers confirmed the

tidings, and the further particulars I received penetrated me with indignation, and caused me to regret that I was not again at the head of a newspaper in Holland. It had during the last two years been freely circulated and believed in Holland that the old king in his last will and testament would bequeath some forty or fifty millions of guilders to the public treasure, and thus expiate for the defalcations during his life, by a tardy reparation and generosity at his death. This rumour had considerably abated the fierce animosity against the royal impostor. Every care and even fraudulent means were adopted to conceal the approximate figure of the amount of the immense fortune he had been hoarding up during his calamitous reign, but conscientious persons have calculated and believed that it was about two hundred and forty millions of guilders, or twelve millions sterling! To amass that colossal wealth even the necessitous and the destitute had been compelled to contribute their mite, which

was greedily swallowed up by that financial shark, who took, in the shape of money, all that came within his reach. From thousands, nay, from millions of different sources, had that amassment of wealth grown to the magnitude it was at his demise. And if around the arm chair containing the fat corpse now for ever doomed to obmute silence, a circle could have been formed of all his ill-gotten piles of currency, it would scarcely have afforded sufficient room to contain the number of emaciated men, widows, and orphans who had been subjected to his exactions, and had paid a higher price for their scanty necessaries, in order to swell the collection of his possessions.

But neither the public treasure which he had robbed, nor the poor and destitute whom he had bereaved, were mentioned in the will of the departed tyrant. A few thousand guilders were bestowed upon religious institutions and some of his servants, and the bulk of the spoil was divided between two

males—a spendthrift and a miser, and two lustful females, now both changed by the hand of Time into harridans. The two males were his sons, King Willem II. and Prince Frederick. The first spent his share as we have before seen; and Prince Frederick, a regular man, but nearly as covetous as his father, carefully hoarded up his part, and even augmented it, in order that his two daughters should have a better dowry, and, consequently, foreign princes of some importance for husbands. The two females were Princess Marianne and the Countess Henriette D'Oultremont, the widow of the deceased. The first went travelling on a more splendid scale than before, as soon as she had pocketed her portion, and threw away millions in Italy, Egypt, and Palestine, in which latter country she visited Jerusalem and the tomb of Jesus Christ, with Van Rossem on her arm. Henriette D'Oultremont took refuge in a magnificent castle near Aix-la-Chapelle (Achen), and with her portion led a rakish life in that quiet corner of Prussia.

Nearly all that Willem I. plundered from the inhabitants in North and South Netherland was, and is still, spent and lavished in foreign countries.

CHAPTER XIV.

Baron Fagel again—I publish a Republican Paper in the Hague, called *The Ooyevaar*—My Correspondents —Extensive Circulation—Prosecution—The Horrid Secret between Petrus Jansen and Willem II. for six months silenced with 15,000 Guilders — The *Contra Ooyevaar*—Tetroode and the *Ooyemoer*—De Haas—Van Gorcum.

General Fagel, whom I had seen in the latter end of September, 1843, appeared to have received very unfavourable reports regarding my behaviour, and my attempts to induce him to judge impartially between Willem II. and his confidants, and me, failed altogether. He was evidently less a representative of his own feelings than of those of the government he served. Secretary Guericke had ascended in the ambassa-

dor's favour, and was so bloated with diplomatic pride that he treated me cavalierly. With regard to my connection with the Parisian press, I did not find matters as I had expected, and the reflections and considerations which the death of Willem I., and other circumstances created within me, altered my intention of remaining at Paris, or of going to Madrid, and I requested Guericke to put a *visa* on my passport for London. I knew very well that I should not require that brevet of thraldom in free England; but it was required for my leaving France, where generally a stranger is not allowed to take passage on board foreign-bound steamers unless provided with that testimonial. The secretary wrote a few lines about my application to Fagel, who was in his own apartments, and the latter sent his lackey—a new servant who was not yet diplomatised—with the verbal reply, delivered in my presence, that the desired *visa* could be put upon my passport, but that, at the same time, a letter was to be written to Van Rappard, informing him that

I had changed my *plan de voyage*. I thus accidentally learned that even in a foreign country my movements would be subjected to official observation and correspondence, and this caused me finally to decide on returning to Holland, and to try whether I could not, in spite of all the machinations and contrivances of my enemies and opponents, put a republican paper on foot in the very place of abode of royalty.

Three months afterwards I was again in Holland, after having performed a pedestrian tour through France and Belgium. During the time I was dependent upon the favour of Willem II. I had not made the acquaintance of any publisher of that town, with the exception of J. Van 't Haaff, who printed my work about the oculist Kremer, and the correspondent of the Amsterdam publishers, Hendrik Frylink, to whose valuable periodical, called *Het Lecskabinet*, I was for a short time the chief contributor, and both these persons were of opinion that no publisher in the Hague dared to risk the production of an anti-government newspaper.

I found, however, what I desired. In a small, long passage in the centre of the Hague, lived an old man with silver hairs, a middle-aged wife, and fourteen children, nearly all daughters, and he was a printer and publisher, although on a very small scale. The large family was chiefly dependent upon the one press Dumée, as he was called, possessed, but that one press was a good one, and he had, moreover, sufficient available type to print a weekly newspaper. It was about this time that a certain John Ronge, an excommunicated Silesian priest, published his *brochures* regarding popery and true religion, as he understood it, and which caused a great rumour and excitement among continental Christians. I translated these little books for Dumée, and the sale was very profitable to him. He and his wife were of opinion that if I would constantly supply them with manuscript they would fare much better than they had before done, even if they should lose, as was to be expected, their customers who were connected with the Government. To make more

sure of my position, and to prevent a recurrence of what I had experienced with Bolt, I behaved as if I intended to become a member of the numerous family. I was respected as a guest, and treated as a friend, and they soon felt that their interest had become interwoven with my views.

Having that press at my disposal, I made arrangements to have my reporters in the palaces of the king, the Prince of Orange, and Prince Frederick, and among the *entourage* of Princess Marianne. Without much difficulty I found some of the servants of these personages willing to report anything of consequence to me. Persons in the service of tyrants are glad of loosening now and then the strings of their secrets and griefs in the bosom of trustworthy persons. It is very rare that unintended attachment and real love bind a slave to his master. A tyrant has no friends, and it is only the money, the providing the means of material existence, adequate to their assumed personal situation in social life, that makes his favourites cling to him. As soon as the idea

springs up in a person that he, though a servant, is as well and as good a human being as the creature whose words to him are law, the ties of blind abnegation of his own existence in favour of the man who is his superior according to social conventions only, are irremediably broken. I was friendly with my secret correspondents in the palaces, but paid them nothing; in fact they refused to accept any money, and formed in that respect a striking contrast to the hirelings of despotism. Why did I make these arrangements, deeply averse as I was to all *espionage?* Principally out of a spirit of revenge. My actions in private life had been reported, for the greater part falsely and calumniously, and I certainly did not return too much by delivering the denunciations of the secrets and whereabouts of such lofty individuals for the edification of the public.

The arms of the royal town of the Hague consist of two animals, a bird, and a reptile. The bird is the reverend stork, represented usually with one of its legs in an onward and elevated direction; the poor reptile is a

meagre snake, twisting its writhing limbs into its destroyer's beak. The stork, in Holland, goes by the more sonorous name of Ooyevaar, and that was the name I gave to my small hebdomadal paper. I had a vignette placed at the head of it, representing the feathered biped; but instead of a miserably-looking snake, it had rolls of paper in its beak, on which were lithographed the words *grondwet* and *belasting* (constitution and taxes), and another paper under its foot on which was the word *monsterwet* (monster law). This latter alluded to a law which Van Hall had passed under the name of the law of the gratuitous loan, and which tended to make the good Dutch people pay for the tremendous deficit in the balance of the exchequer plundered by the late Willem I. The *monsterwet* was already execrated by the nation; the constitution and the law taxes were in fair progress of being so at a future period, which I intended to shorten as much as possible.

It was in the autumn of 1844 that the republican *Ooyevaar* made its first appear-

ance, and startled the creatures of the Government, who could scarcely believe that any person could be so audacious as to publish such a paper under the very nose of the king. The most cunning members of the secret police were sent about to depreciate and to speak slanderously of the libellous print, as they called it; but as I had intimated to my readers beforehand that such was likely to happen, the intended effect of their underhand dealings was lost. In the beginning the *Ooyevaar* was clandestinely read, and in private circles, but only a few weeks elapsed before it was admitted into all the *koffyhuizen*. I had no sub-editor or contributors at the commencement; but as soon as the paper acquired some notoriety, I received numerous contributed articles. Some persons of high standing or in the service of the Government, who, quite in harmony with the character of the Hague, feared that their letters would be opened and read at the post-office, indirectly requested me to pay them a visit, when they would put me in possession of

information, the publication of which generally would tend to throw blame on the Government, or to bring the dynasty into disrepute. I will not betray the persons who thus put trust in me, but I may as well make a single exception regarding a political renegade, and say that one of these was the little lawyer Dirk Donker Curtius, who will hereafter appear as his Excellency the Minister of Justice in Holland.

The day of publication of the *Ooyevaar* was Saturday. The *koffyhuizen* were crowded with people at the hour that the delivery took place. It was also anxiously expected at the king's table, and in the dwellings of the highest personages, who were bewildered at my revelations, which could only proceed from persons intimately acquainted with the palaces. More than once I related, in a manner fully comprehensible to them, what they had spoken and done on certain occasions, when they firmly believed themselves to be in circles exclusively devoted to their interests. One of the members of the Orange-Nassaus be-

came afraid of paying his nocturnal visits in the attire of a common civilian, and secretly provided himself with the garb of an insignificant-looking journeyman, and with false whiskers, only to throw them aside with curses, when the Saturday arrived, and he discovered that his secret was no secret at all. Distrust and uncomfortable feelings began to pervade the royal circles, and the apprehensions of insecurity banished from them that easiness without which no enjoyment is possible.

Only a small portion of my paper, however, was taken up by that sort of *chronique scandaleuse*, and the principal part of it was devoted to the discussion of political affairs and topics of general or local interest. Its whole tendency was purely republican, but all my articles, whether treating on general or individual matters, were couched in such terms, and, where required, surrounded by so many negative expressions, as my precaution, guided by my experience and an improved tactic of fettered journalism suggested. But, notwithstanding all my pre-

cautions, the *arrondissements regtbank* in the Hague, a few months after the *Ooyevaar* made its appearance, commenced the usual game of quenching political vitality, and prosecutions were instituted against me by the customary accusation of libel. The quasi-slandered person in this case was a gamekeeper of the king, called in that country *pluimgraaf*, which means "Count of the Feather," a name perhaps invented by the illustrious ancestors of the royal family. Two respectable persons, the one called Tuyt, an inhabitant of Scheveningen, and the other called Staal, living in the Hague, had sent me for insertion in my paper an article signed by both, in which they gave it as their opinion that the *pluimgraaf* had committed perjury, inasmuch as, having been duly sworn, he declared before the judge in the Hague that he had noticed those two persons strolling about the king's grounds without, however, seeing whether they carried a gun, while afterwards he swore to the contrary, and pertinaciously stated that they had a gun, in consequence of which they

were sentenced to pay a fine of forty guilders, or the alternative of going to prison for six months. I inserted that article with their signatures, appended to which were a few remarks of my own, in which I carefully avoided committing myself to the *pluimgraaf*. The District Court of the Hague was not very particular in respect of prosecuting the real authors of the article, and, as I was at all events the editor, it liberally adjudged me six months' imprisonment, to pay a fine of a thousand guilders, to ten years' interdiction of civil rights, and other niceties, which condemnation, however, was set aside on appealing to the higher authority of the Provincial Court of South Holland.

About the same time that Staal and Tuyt were fined for poaching, a woman, residing in the Hague, and going by the name of Emma, was condemned for abetting prostitution and debauching young girls. This had been her regular business for more than ten years, but as her house was frequented by royal scions and persons of high

rank, no notice was taken of it, until an unhappy father, whose young daughter had been delivered up to bloated voluptuousness, repeatedly complained, and Emma was at last sentenced to six months' imprisonment, the minimum sentence allowed by the law in such cases.

But she never went to prison, although her sentence was confirmed on an appeal being made to the High Council of the Netherlands. The affair was hushed up; the royal clemency made use of its prerogative; and Emma received a full pardon. Although I did not mention a word of this clandestine transaction, I was perfectly aware of what was going on; and I put this case before the public, as soon as the two men, sentenced on very doubtful testimony for poaching on the king's grounds, had received a negative reply on their appeal for remission of punishment, in order to make a contrast so striking that it needs must rouse the indignation of every heart containing the slightest feeling of delicacy and honour. In this instance the inhabitants of

the Hague threw off their peculiar etiquette, and loudly cried for very shame; but the high-minded men of the Government would not show any appearance of submitting to justice and reason. Tuyt and Staal were sent to prison and locked up with malefactors, and were not liberated until they had paid the fine.

My journal had not been more than two months in existence, when the unfortunate Marquis de Thouars, to whom the reader has been introduced in preceding pages, sent his footman, who was at the same time his confidant, with some literary contributions for my paper. He placed himself openly and unreservedly on my side, and the fact of such an occurrence by an ex-page of Willem I., and moreover a distant relation of the reigning monarch, caused a new sensation of unpleasantness at court. Two young men, Van Gorcum and De Haas, also offered their services to me, and they, too, had their articles produced with their names appended. Both were possessed of talent and fair judgment, and could have

procured for themselves a high reputation where liberty and literature were estimated, and where authors reaped a sufficient reward for their intellectual labours, so as not to be obliged to depend upon subsidiary means of existence. Van Gorcum did not long continue a contributor to the *Ooyevaar*. He once came to me and told a moving tale of the straitened circumstances of his aged mother, and of his own penury, and entreated me to point out to him the way to get possession of more money than I was able to give him. I told him that I knew of no plan by which he could succeed in obtaining the object he had in view, unless it was by relinquishing his name and position as a journalist of the opposition, and to apply to Van Rappard. He so strongly assured me that only the most serious circumstances could drive him to such a step, and that he would never cease to be a republican, that I communicated to him some *quasi* secrets; by revealing which I told him that, by speaking of me in derogatory terms to the director of the

king's cabinet, I had not the slightest doubt of his being handsomely compensated. He did so, and actually received at once a thousand guilders as a gratuity, on condition that he was not to see me again, and to leave the country, which he did without even bidding me adieu.

The weather was very severe in the first month of the year 1845, and continued excessively cold during the latter part of the lengthened winter. On one of those stormy, hazy, snowy, and unpleasant days—it was a Friday, and I believe the 19th of March—I was busily engaged in writing, and had all my attention absorbed in the subject of my demonstrations, when, noiselessly and unexpectedly, there appeared before me an emaciated and ghastly-looking person, staring around him with deep-sunk eyes, who asked me, in a low, grating voice, whether he was alone with me, or if there was anybody concealed in the room. Turning from the close attention I was paying to the composition upon which I was engaged, I doubted for a moment whether I was not labouring under

some hallucination—but no; although he had made his appearance as a phantom, he stood there, the man in reality. His dress was in conformity with his personal appearance, for, although he was shivering with cold, he was attired in summer garments, which bore evident witness of long service. This tatterdemalion had a voluminous bundle of papers under his arm, which he deposited upon my writing-table, at the same time keeping his hand upon it. My astonishment was not abated when I heard him say that his name was Peter Jansen, and that there were only two persons who could save him from destruction—those two being Dirk Donker Curtius and myself. It was the first time that I had knowingly seen this strange individual, and the information I had formerly received about his equivocal connection with the king, and the enormous amounts of money which had been presented to him by the debased monarch, induced me to believe that, if ever my eyes rested on Peter Jansen, I should certainly see him clad in the choicest finery, covered with

golden rings, eye-glass, chain, watch, and whatever other articles generally belong to the exhibitions of such sort of people. If I do not render the exact account, and the bearing and meaning of all the words and explications I heard from the mouth of that wretch, it is because I am afraid that the minuteness with which I should like to render the truth might intrude too much upon common decency. On observing to him that it was quite unpolite to enter my apartment uninvited, and stealthfully as he had done, he knelt down at my feet, and in a sorrowful tone exclaimed that he had made up his mind to see me in whatever manner he could, and that, not finding my old servant, Sypkes, in the passage, he had unceremoniously proceeded to my room. "I am nearly starved," said he, "and so are my wife and child. Secrets of great importance exist between Willem II. and myself, and common sense ought to tell him not to leave me destitute as I am; but he has withdrawn his hand from me, and—but pray look into these papers, they will tell you everything.

Do look at them; nobody has yet seen nem but Donker Curtius, and he does not seem willing to save me."

I took the papers in my hand as I would have touched a venomous toad, and after having thrown a desultory glance at his financial projects, and the notes which had reference to his private concerns with Willem II.,* I ordered him to stand up and swear to tell me the truth. "After Cats and I," he continued, "had presented some schemes for saving the country from bankruptcy, I one day accidentally met the king, walking alone in the Nachtegaalspad, close to the garden of his palace, when he asked me whether I was the same person who had sent plans of financial reform to him. On my replying in the affirmative, he desired

* Two years or more afterwards, Joseph Dames, proprietor of the *koffyhuis* called the Gouden Kroon, on the Dagelykshe Groenmarket, in the Hague, had some of these notes, or copies, in his possession, in one of which, according to what Dames told to all his friends, Willem II. affirmed that he loved Peter Jansen "better than the finest woman in his kingdom."

me to see him the next morning at half-past eleven; and delighted at such an invitation, and being, moreover, rather in want of money, I did not fail to present myself at the royal palace exactly at the appointed time. I was ushered into the receiving-room facing the Kneuterdyk, and after some preliminary common talk, he gently took my hand and pressed it with such a strange sort of trembling nervousness, which appeared as if I was holding the hand of a loving, lustful woman: 'Listen, Jansen,' said the king; 'I feel confident that you are a clever and a good man, and I like you very much;' and, drawing me nearer to him, he gave me a kiss, and whispered: 'Believe me, Jansen, I can make a statesman of you, and a great man too; and, see here, Jansen, I shall give you an order on your breast'—(he now pressed me to his heart and kissed me more fondly than before)—'and, if you like it'—(and here he was, while breathing heavily, unfastening the order he wore on his own breast)—'you can have this; only

come, dear Jansen—come, do as I wish.' Saying these words, he put his hand forward, and"——

"Begone!" said I. "Never have the temerity again to cross my threshold." But folding his hands, and assuming a praying attitude, he continued:—"I am guiltless; I did not fall; the attempt was made, but I resisted; that is all. I swear that I am innocent of the crime. Help me, assist me; I am a lost man if you will not do it, and you can do it in a minute. A few lines of your handwriting only will save me."

He then took from his pocket a letter, addressed to his Majesty Willem II., to the effect that, as he had so many times applied to him without receiving an answer, he now, for the last time, wrote this letter, with an intimation that if, on presenting himself at the king's palace on the following Monday, he did not, before twelve o'clock on that day, receive a sum of fifteen thousand guilders, he intended, without delay, publicly to make known all that had passed between them. Under this he requested me

only to add, that I would comply with his wishes regarding the publication. I believed, at that moment, in the man's statements; and looking at his features and appearance, so manifestly speaking of his dejectedness and misery, I took compassion upon him, and taking the letter from his hands, I wrote under Jansen's signature as follows:—"Unless the victim of royal heartlessness be assisted, I shall at once give publicity to the affair.—E. MEETER."

Peter Jansen had his apartments in the house at the corner of the Boschkant and Heeregracht, Westside, and in the same house lived a person of the name of Gerritsen, who was my occasional reporter, and on whose faithfulness I could depend. I never saw him in his own house, and was not aware that both parties resided on the same premises. On the following day—Saturday evening—he told me that great joy had been caused at his dwelling by a message having been received by Peter Jansen, requesting him to go to the king's palace the next Monday morning, at eleven o'clock.

He described to me the position in which Jansen was, and had been for many weeks, as destitute in the extreme—the last article they possessed having been taken to the pawn-shop. He informed me at the same time that Jansen was married to an *ex-maitresse* of a member of the First Chamber of the Staten-General, by whom she had a child, and that Jansen had dissipated the fortune she once possessed. The next Monday he watched Jansen, and saw him enter the palace, and leave it soon afterwards, running towards his lodgings.

He had received the money. The principal articles pawned were at once redeemed, and at two o'clock a vehicle was standing at the door, with the son of Jansen's wife behind it, acting as lacquey, and Mr. and Madame Jansen left for Germany, viâ Rotterdam. My misplaced commiseration had saved that man from the very brink of beggary and vagrancy; but he never so much as thanked me for the services I had rendered him. I saw him, however, afterwards —about 150 days from the above circum-

stance—and the fifteen thousand guilders were gone. It had taken him less than half a year to spend that money. The villain had the impudence to accost me in one of the *koffyhuizen* I nightly frequented, and the manner in which he expressed himself raised my anger to such a degree that, had I not been providentially prevented from doing so, I should have pierced him. The point of my sword, which, concealed in a strong cane, was my constant companion, had nearly reached his breast, when my friend, Van Saazen,* threw himself on my arm, exactly in time to save me from sealing my fate in the blood of a worthless miscreant. The non-satisfaction of my anger, however, was the cause of a serious nervous attack, which almost put an end to my life. Jansen went about in public places, and to the royal theatre, to spend his last few guilders, loudly exclaiming that he and Willem II. were brothers, and more than

* This noble-minded man was a sworn interpreter at the High Court of the Netherlands, and afterwards connected with the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*.

that, evidently with the object of extorting, this time by such means, new remittances from the king. On this occasion the latter made another fatal step, by taking into his personal confidence the commissary of police, Waldeck, by whose daring tricks Jansen, all on a sudden, disappeared. He was not murdered, but kidnapped, forced into a carriage, and taken to prison in another town—Rotterdam—without either trial, accusation, or legal instrument whatever. The king, of course, had expected that proper care would have been taken, in one way or the other, of that dangerous fellow doing any harm; it happened, however, that the intrigues and selfish speculation of Waldeck caused Willem II. to pay, not many months afterwards, a hundred thousand guilders, attended with circumstances which forced the king to restore Jansen to liberty.

The *Ooyevaar* had existed nearly six months when I disagreed with the publisher, Dumée, and his family, about some trifling matter, and I intentionally commenced pub-

lishing my paper with another printer, in order to give wider extension to the circulation of liberal ideas. De Haas took the editorship of the old *Ooyevaar*, and I started the young one with the publisher Mingelen. My friend, De Haas, wrote his paper in perfect unison with the tone and tactics I had adopted, but he lacked the experience to which I owed a higher degree of circumspection and cautiousness, and only a short time had elapsed when he was prosecuted for the usual libel—for libel against such a man as Willem II. The District Tribunal of the Hague gladly and unhesitatingly sentenced him to two years' imprisonment, against which he appealed before the Provincial Court.

The accounts or hints about the private doings of the royal and other personages, published in that part of the *Ooyevaar* which I called *chronique scandaleuse*, induced the king again to have a secret police of his own. It may also have been that he had got scent of the manner in which he was watched by Van Saazen, and two other

friends, and myself, and that fear of personal safety contributed to his taking this step. Who at first was at the head of this personal secret police I am unable to tell, but certain it is that Waldeck had afterwards a hand in it. Connected with the police was the editor of a vile weekly sheet, written in the most coarse language, attacking all sorts of persons in their private affairs and personal doings. His real name was Apeker, but as he had formerly been convicted of felony, he published his pamphlet with the family name of his wife, Van der Ven. Nobody ever spoke about the lampooner but with the greatest contempt; yet this Apeker was taken into the king's service, and paid for publishing a paper which was called the *Contra-Ooyevaar*. At the head of that production figured a print, representing a large stork, having under one of its wings my publisher, Dumée, and under the other my own person. We were each in company of and collared by a policeman, who appeared to be very angry with us. The nauseating trash con-

tained in that paper could do no harm to the *Ooyevaar*, and the private police was in this, as in all other respects, nothing but expensive and worse than useless to Willem II.

On the other hand, I was attacked by the *S'Gravenhaagsche Nieuwsbode*, generally a well-conducted, but an entirely dependent paper, in the service of the police. D'Engelbronner was its principal editor, and Behr, commissary of police in Scheveningen, the sub-editor. The former opened a full volley of invectives and calumnies against me in one of the best constructed leading articles he ever wrote. According to his statements, I surpassed in duplicity and wickedness the late Bulbus, as described by Cicero. He conjured the public to beware of my sly look, as being an index of my penetrating into the secrets of others, which, sooner or later, I certainly would bring to account. The article was evidently carefully concocted in the pandemonium at the ministry of justice; but it had no effect, overreaching, as it did, its mark.

A third enemy was let loose upon me. This

was a bookseller of the name of Antonie Van Tetroode, commonly called Toon Tetroode, than whom a more perfect parody on a respectable man never, very likely, existed. Had that creature been living in England, he would undoubtedly have gone by the name of the little flying Dutchman. Although nearly fifty years of age, and bandy-legged, he jumped and danced about the streets of the royal Hague as if he had been a *saltimbanque*, or a clown at Astley's. His gait was nothing but a counterfeit of his character, remarkable for absolute want of steadiness and principle. This miscarriage of human nature was as dirty in his behaviour as paltrous of countenance. He had been sentenced not less than twenty-three or twenty-four times, now for riotous conduct or assault, then for abusive language or slander, and then again for fighting, or spitting in other people's faces. This latter disgusting and mean act was of frequent occurrence with him, and one of his habits. He once publicly spat in the face of the governor of the royal

library, a most quiet, inoffensive, and obliging man; in fact, he did not care who it was he covered with his spawl. But he was never harshly dealt with by the judges; a fine of a few guilders or stivers, or three or eight days', or, in very rare instances, a month's imprisonment, was all that he knew beforehand he should receive for his filthy and dastardly abominations.

Such an outcast from respectable society, without a grain of shame or scrupulosity about him, found favour in the eyes of Orange-Nassau. Directly and positively to engage such a scrub in the secret police was not advisable, for he never could have agreed to anything like authority, from which he had to receive instructions. But he could be useful in the irregular force of the police, and it was on this consideration that he often received gratuities when he had wrought mischief against a foe of the government. This same villain had luminous intervals, during which he made pasquinades against men of liberal principles, and panegyrics in favour of his protector,

Willem II., or any one of the Nassau family who was likely to pay him for his trouble. He had even times when he would patch together a seemingly good verse;* and as the productions of his giddy-brained muse were of course dedicated to his royal supporters, I baptized him in my paper the *hoftroubadour*, or the troubadour of the court of his Majesty Willem II. As I generally knew when and for what motives he had received a gift from the royal personages, and more than once alluded to such dis-

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* He made some poetry in French, addressed to *Nicholas le Grand*, as he called him, which was presented to the Russian Emperor on his visit to Holland and England in 1844. One of the *suite* of the emperor told me that, as Tetroode had been the only person in the Hague who had sent printed verses to the emperor, he would have been splendidly rewarded had not two circumstances been against him; namely, in the first place, his bad repute; and, secondly, because in some of his adulatory apostrophes he made use of the word Czar, which, as I learned on that occasion, is extremely disliked by the haughty tyrants of the semi-barbarian empire. As it was, he received only fifty guilders, the smallest gratuity the emperor gave to any person a little above a common beggar.

graceful stimulations to Quixotism, ribaldry, and vice, the king got at last tired of him, and left his letter and his application, his prose and his poetry, unheeded. Toon Tetroode could not conceive how his friend Willem II. could forsake him; at all events, he would try again, and this time, if possible, deliver a letter into the king's own hands. Knowing that the king intended going to Tilburg, he concealed himself, the day that such was to take place, behind some trees on the road between the Hague and Delft, and, seeing the royal carriage advancing, he, with one of his malapert jumps, approached the windows, and threw his letter on his Majesty's lap. As no bystander had seen him perform this *tour*, he thought nobody would know of it, and as, moreover, his royal friend had now received the epistle himself, he fancied he was entitled to the right of fostering the brightest expectations in his mind, until the next Saturday, when his letter appeared *in extenso* in the *Ooyevaar*, and caused its readers to roar with laughter. The king had, after

perusal, torn the letter into a hundred pieces, and, when long out of sight of the troubadour, thrown them into the Delft canal, and on its bank. One of the servants who accompanied him perceived this, and immediately wrote a few lines, which he dropped before a house they were passing, the principal occupiers of which lost no time in collecting the different pieces, which were duly picked out and arranged, and the contents of the letter faithfully rendered by the *Ooyevaar*.

The publication of the letter startled Willem II., and made the *hoftroubadour* more furious than ever. And thereupon he also started a periodical, published at irregular times, whenever the fancy took him and he had the means to pay the printer. He adorned his pamphlet with the name of *Ooyemoer*, a word fabricated by himself, and which is not to be found in any Dutch dictionary. *Moer* is the vulgar expression for mother, and *vaar* for father; perhaps he meant to give my *Ooyevaar* a Xantippe for wife. The publication was a reverberation

of its author; it was mean in the extreme. He had the letters composing the names and titles of his royal supporters printed in gold; and in the colours of the Dutch gallows were printed my name, and sometimes those of Van Goreum, De Haas, Dumée, and Mingelen. I have only to add, that his bombast and balderdash could as little injure me in the public opinion, as the well-constructed but too venomous article of the *referendaris* D'Engelbronner, or the base lampoons of Apeker, *alias* Van Der Ven; and I sneered as well at the *S'Gravenhaagsche Nieuwsbode*, as at the *Ooyemoer* and the *Contra-Ooyevaar*.

Meanwhile, and even before I had promoted Toon Tetroode to the office of troubadour at the Dutch court, and before I had considered his peculiar connection with Orange-Nassau of sufficient importance to mention his name in my paper, he had twice attacked and assaulted me. The first time that such happened was one evening when he lay in wait behind the corner of a street which I had to pass. He simulta-

neously spat in my face, and struck me with his fist in the eyes, so quickly and unexpectedly, that I knew only by the peculiar jumps of his bandy legs that it was him I saw running away at the top of his speed. The second time he attacked me was in broad daylight. It blew a heavy gale, and I was going against the wind, with my hands in the pockets of my over-coat, and my head downwards, when I received a most violent blow on my face with a stick, which made the blood spring from my nose. I turned round and saw Tetroode gambolling in the direction of his house, just once turning his face towards me, with his tongue out of his mouth.

The assertion I here give, that I had no redress from these diabolical attacks, may appear apocryphal; but it is too true. If it requires any proofs, the third attack he made upon me, and the circumstances which attended and followed that fearful occurrence, will amply furnish them. I was returning late on a Saturday night from the printing-office of Mingelen, when, thoughtfully walk-

ing the street, Tetroode—evidently under the influence of liquor, for he never had the courage openly to assault me—came jumping from the other side, exclaiming, "Now I shall do for you!" He intended to give me a tremendous blow on my head, but I parried his cane with one stroke and sent it flying into the air. And there he was before me, unarmed and unprotected, and I could easily have slain, or at least inflicted a severe bodily chastisement on the vile wretch. Full of temerity, inflated by partial drunkenness, he did not directly run away as he was wont to do, but stared impudently in my face, as if he would say, "I dare you to touch me!" Indeed, I knew very well that if I had wounded that man, however slightly it might have been, I should that very night have been lodged in prison. How agitated and excited I was! but I preserved my self-possession, and left him without noticing him. Proceeding on my way home, I had not advanced a great distance when I saw the cane I had thrown out of his hand; and as it had the appearance, by the lamp, of

being mounted with silver, I said to myself: "Let me throw this stick after him, in order that he may take it home; perchance that little bit of silver may some time or another be of use to the unhappy wife and child of the base spendthrift." Quietly stooping down to take it up, I all at once felt as if a tiger had jumped on my back. It was Tetroode, who had followed on tiptoe and watched his opportunity thus treacherously to assail me. At that time I always allowed my beard to grow, and it was therefore luxuriant and of great length. Grasping my whiskers from behind, he hung upon them with the whole weight of his body. He did more—he repeatedly threw his legs with all his force backwards; and, not satisfied yet, he stretched himself as high as he could, and came with his head over my shoulders, attempting to bite out my eyes. He actually got his teeth in the upper lid of my right eye, which he tore asunder, the blood streaming copiously down my dress and boots. This struggle lasted several minutes, during which I alternately pushed

him back with my shoulders when he was reaching my eyes, or left off pushing when the fearful pain of my cheeks compelled me to desist. I did not utter a word; but from his throat there escaped, now and then, a low, roaring noise, as if of unsatisfied rage. Suddenly I felt as if I was under water and had my eyes open; a light yellow and grey hue dimmed my sight—the *protegé* of Willem II. had his tongue in my right eye, and, not succeeding in biting it out, he attempted to suck it out of its socket. When I perceived this, a loud cry, not of pain, but of horror, involuntarily burst forth from my breast. That cry attracted a few persons, and I was rescued. On hearing what had happened, a crowd soon assembled, and Tetroode had much difficulty in escaping from the danger of receiving a condign punishment at the hands of the bystanders. A friend of mine, returning home from his *koffyhuis*, arrived on the spot when the treacherous coward had fled. He stopped the effusion of blood as much as possible, and entreated me, for friendship's sake, to step for a moment with him

into the police-station, and to lay a complaint against my assailant. I did so, and subsequently went to a surgeon, who spent a great part of the night in adjusting the torn pieces of my eyelid, which he entirely covered with straps of adhesive plaister; but some weeks elapsed before it was altogether well.

This case produced some ephemeral sensation, and Tetroode was actually prosecuted and sentenced by the District Tribunal in the Hague to a month's imprisonment. But he did not go to prison any more than the bona-roba Emma; he received his full pardon, and shortly afterwards, when the most infamous expedients were systematically tried to murder me—shortly afterwards, I say, he was wallowing in debauchery, paid by the extra gratuity he had received for having, in so praiseworthy and courageous a manner, attacked an ungrateful rebel. That a king such as Willem II. should shield with his royal protection the very scum of society, may, after all that has been stated, appear very natural; but, with the intense

sorrow and the painful feeling of a Dutch patriot, I beg to ask every sensible man, every human being not degraded to a beast, what he thinks of a nation which abides by such monstrosities, nay, which erects statues in honour of the royal performer of such nameless crimes?

CHAPTER XV.

Position of Willem II.—De Thouars—The *Haagsche Miniatuur Nieuwsbode*—The *Ontwaakte Leeuw*—Riots in Amsterdam, Haerlem, Leyden, the Hague, and Delft—Prosecutions—My two printers and I in prison, and the Presses gagged—My former Collaborateurs accused—Dreadful sufferings—My lucubrations—How continental tyranny martyrizes its victims.

THE facts and circumstances mentioned in the preceding chapter are not calculated to give a very flattering idea of Willem II., nor are they, perhaps, in accordance with the expectations which my general description of his person may have originated. I rendered, however, nothing but a true account of the impression created in my mind on my first interview with him, and in subsequent pages of what had afterwards hap-

pened. The better I became acquainted with him, the more he changed, and my narrative, following the steps of the fallen man, bears the reflection of that alteration. Stumbling on the slippery road of vice, he fell very rapidly indeed, and gradually lost the last spark of self-respect. It is very probable that he shuddered when thinking of the awful situation into which he had brought himself; and it may have been that it was the excruciating idea that he was not possessed of sufficient self-command to restrain himself from base and unnatural offences, which sometimes so suddenly contracted his nerves, and seemed to paralyze his tongue, in the midst of a lengthened conversation. Perhaps he had moments of cool and calm judgment, when he abhorred his proceedings and took a determination to act as an honest man, and as a good and righteous king. But it was too late. Too much had happened. Moreover, the arrangements he had made in his palace with regard to his personal attendance made it difficult to escape the snares into which he had entangled himself. He

was surrounded by servants, valets, and lacqueys, a great number of whom he had taken into his personal service for abominable motives, and could not dismiss for fear of their becoming dangerous to him, when returned to common society.*

Painful domestic scenes of frequent occurrence now began to contribute to his acute grief, and the sunny days of King Willem II. had vanished—he was deeply unhappy. What caused him the greatest restlessness was his extreme apprehension of publicity; and the mortifying certainty he had that the incidents of his life, and the terrible actions and misdeeds connected therewith, were no secrets to me, unrelentingly tormented him. What would he not have sacrificed if he had been able to silence my voice, either by bribery or by murder! Repeatedly had

* Even his favourite tailor was appointed a *valet-de-chambre*, and was styled *Kamerdienaar Kleermaker*, valet-tailor—a very eccentric sinecure, which was for some time the laughing-stock of the wags in the Hague, who called the new *Kamerdienaar* the royal breeches-maker.

the commissioner of the Scheveningen police —Behr—when I was enjoying recreation in that place, entreated me to take into consideration my own interest as well as the amount of sorrow I heaped upon the head of the king, whom I had formerly avowed to be my benefactor. My health being shattered by the passions which raged within me, would it not be better, he suggested, to accept a substantial royal gift, which he knew his majesty would be only too happy to make me a present of, and to retire from the field of politics and personal strife, and live quietly and happily in a milder clime, as, for instance, in Italy? But the most splendid offers of royal munificence had a contrary effect upon me, and kindled my hatred against the rotten system of continental royalty, especially as represented by Willem II. As regarded murder, my friends took care that at least I could not be clandestinely despatched. Whenever I was out late at night, they always saw me safe home before retiring themselves, and I was doubly careful, after the ferocious at-

tempt made upon me by the troubadour Tetroode, and seldom walked through the streets alone.

The number of subscribers to the *Ooyevaar* was constantly increasing, and there were no symptoms wanting to prove that, however small in size, its influence with the people was powerful. De Haas continued the *Ooyevaar* printed by Dumée; his paper, however, was not even then conducted with the care I bestowed upon my articles. He had not, as I had, all his time at his disposal, for he kept a school, and gave instructions in the Latin, French, English, and German languages, which fearful offence, after some time, opened to him the doors of the prison. It is not allowed on the continent to impart knowledge to one's fellow-creatures without the sanction of the patriarchal governments. De Haas was one of the best linguists in the Hague; but his independent spirit induced him to refuse to submit to the childish mock-examination which a law on public institutions, passed in 1806, made obligatory on

all persons keeping public schools. As long as he did not intermeddle with politics nobody interfered with him, but the mastiffs of the Hermandad were at him as soon as he made himself conspicuous, and publicly came forward with his republican principles. His school was respectably conducted, and there was no doubt whatever as to his ability and efficiency in teaching. But the justice in the Hague did not care about ability or utility in that respect; the only consideration was, that he had turned against the Government. The law of 1806, although obsolete, was brought into requisition, and, of course, De Haas was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty guilders with costs. He obstinately refused to comply with the verdict, and preferred going to prison, thus openly protesting against the shameful attempt at extortion. His friends offered to pay the money, but could not prevail upon him to make use of their kindness. He undauntedly crossed the barrier which left the world behind him, and to which he

did not return until more than three years of the prime of his life had been wasted in prison.

I was again alone, and had no regular contributor but De Thouars. I had, nevertheless, as soon as De Haas was apprehended, retaken the management of the *Ooyevaar* printed by Dumée, and had now the two journals to care for. At the same time, I began to publish two pigmy papers, which, on account of their diminutive size, were exempt from stamp-duty, and consequently were sold at a low price, so that everybody could purchase them. These little squares of paper were called—the one the *Haagsche Miniatuur-Nieuwsbode*, and the other the *Ontwaakte Leeuw*. The first was a caricature on the *Gravenhaagsche Nieuwsbode*, the organ of the Government and of the police; the second, the "Awakened Lion," had for its object the encouragement and guidance of the patriotic spirit which began to manifest itself in Holland. Both were printed by Dumée, and sold in great numbers.

The disposition of the populace towards

the Government and the king was remarkably changed since the publication of the *Ooyevaar;* and even in the formal Hague subjects of public interest were now freely discussed, and the acts of the king openly censured, in spite of the increased staff of *mouchards.* The king had an opportunity of ascertaining how much he was lowered in public opinion. One day in the beginning of September, he rode alone on horseback through the principal streets of the Hague, and, with the exception of a policeman, a soldier, or a boy, there was nobody who cheered or even saluted him, and his pale face and sorrowful countenance betrayed how much he was affected by that significant silence.

The high price of food, a consequence of the unlucky harvest of the past two years, caused, at that time, many riots in several of the largest towns of Holland, as in Amsterdam, Haerlem, Leyden, Delft, and the Hague, in which the lower classes gave vent to their animosity against shopkeepers, bakers, and speculators on the scarcity of

provisions. These riots assumed rather a serious aspect in the Hague and in Delft, in which latter place plunder was committed, and bread forcibly taken away from the bakers' premises, which were partly destroyed. Cannon was planted in that town, and the cavalry stationed in the Hague was nightly employed to disperse the numerous bodies of dissatisfied people in the place of the royal residence.

The newspapers contained as little as possible about these uproarious meetings, and I carefully avoided showing myself among any of the crowds, and seldom left my home, in order to remove every pretext for the Government mixing me up with these demonstrations. My prudence, however, was unavailable against the keen device and revenge of the king and of some of the members of the Government, by whom I was considered to be a most dangerous enemy. I could not be bribed; I could not be killed; at least, at whatever price, I should, so it was resolved, lose my liberty.

It was on the morning of the 26th Sep-

tember, 1845, that a policeman, the tallest and the strongest in the force of the Hague, unceremoniously walked into the house in which I occupied apartments, and stationed himself within the door of the room where I was sitting busily engaged. He imperiously intimated to me that all which was at that moment in the room was to be left as he had found it, and that nobody was to touch any of the papers. I asked him whether he was in possession of a writ or search-warrant, authorising him to act as he had done, and he replied in the negative. I told him that he had violated the constitution by entering my dwelling without my permission to do so, but which he did not appear to understand. I ordered him to leave the room, to which he observed that he only obeyed the orders of his superior. On my inquiring whether that superior was not Waldeck, he indignantly declared,—"I do not know who Waldeck is; my superior is *De Heer* Waldeck—*Mister* Waldeck."

So thus did the first act, which opened this

political monster-process, consist in an attack upon individual liberty; in an infringement upon domiciliatory sacredness; in a violation of the Dutch constitution, which does not allow that the habitations of persons may be entered by arbitrary means, unless there be a suspicion of detecting them in the perpetration of a crime, and, even in that case, not without a proper warrant. There were four persons in my room when the policeman made his appearance; a child of Dumée and an errand-boy of Mingelen, both waiting for corrected proofs; a person who supplied me with local news; and a servant of Willem II. in full livery. I told the latter that he had better go at once, because a more general invasion of the justice and the police might be expected. After some altercation the policeman allowed him to depart, and the other persons followed him in succession. A letter from Dirk Donker Curtius was delivered to me in the officer's presence, and I was destroying it when he sprang forward and endeavoured to snatch the pieces from me. Two full hours had

this man been with me when Messrs. Alsche, Canneman, and Waldeck came into the room. The first-named person was the officer of justice at the District Tribunal of the Hague, a man who lost the high character he previously possessed by accepting that office; the latter, a heartless hypocrite, was a *regter commissaris*, or judge of investigation, belonging to the same tribunal. Starving birds of prey could not with more eagerness fall upon an unexpected and welcome meal, than those wretched tools of despotism fell upon and laid hold of my papers. Nothing was left untouched or unsearched; and being somewhat disappointed in discovering documents which could implicate me in the local disturbances, at that time, of daily occurrence, they cast all my letters and papers into a chest, which they sent off to Canneman's office, informing me at the same time that they arrested me, and that I was to prepare to depart. Thereupon Waldeck led me to a *vigilante*, which was waiting at the door of the house; he took his place opposite to me;

the tall policeman acted as groom; and a few minutes afterwards we arrived at the town-hall, where I was handed over to the charge of several agents of police, with the repeated intimation from Waldeck that I was not to be allowed to speak to any person whatever. Nobody was there to whom I could speak, but another commissary of police, Ravestyn, who always respected me, and who so much disliked his situation that he was anxiously waiting to be superannuated. He did not make any reply to the impudent hint of the unconscionable ruffian, and left the place without saying a word. Waldeck then hurried from the town-hall to join the heroes Alsche and Canneman, who were proceeding to ransack the houses of my publishers.

An hour elapsed, and Dumée was ushered into the apartment, a prisoner. Heart-breaking sorrow was depicted in his countenance, and I was moved to the uttermost. The fact of being arrested myself only filled me with that sentiment of intense

contempt and indignation which is felt by every reasonable and good-minded man on seeing a diabolical act committed, no matter whether the act inflicts injury upon himself or upon others. Personal sufferings never strained a tear from my eye, but when I saw poor Dumée, the old man of seventy years of age, standing as he was there with utter despair in his looks, and tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, I lost for an instant my steadfastness, and was on the point of weeping. Resuming, however, my wonted firmness, I lectured him on his want of courage, in which our prosecutors would delight, and beseeched him to keep up his spirits. Conceive my emotion when the unhappy victim sobbed out—"Oh, you do not know all that has happened. They have not only deprived me of my liberty, not only taken away all the journals and all my papers,—worse than that—good God!—they have also put seals upon my press, and policemen are to watch my house, during both day and night, to see that those

seals are not broken. My poor wife, my poor children!—starvation and death will soon be their doom!"

An indescribable thrill of abhorrence escaped from my breast. Dumée had been, with his eldest son, working very hard for the maintenance of the numerous family, but had not been able to save anything for the future. The press provided for the daily wants of his wife and children, and by attaching the seals to it, and putting it into the hands of policemen, the only means of their existence was taken away. The laws on the press in Holland do not give the justice any right to stop a journal at the printing-office, or prevent its circulation, whatever may be its contents; much less may he forbid or hinder the composing of a newspaper. As stated in a previous chapter, the author is answerable to the law for what he writes, and that is all. In this case, however, the press was not, figuratively speaking, fettered, but, in the literal sense of the word, actually fastened with ropes and strings, as if it had been a malefactor, and

that cordage thrice-blind tools of despotism had soiled with their wax, on which they put a degrading impression—the seal of Dutch justice. Such happened in the Netherlands, towards the middle of the nineteenth century, under the reign of the constitutional King Willem II., and in the same country which, when a republic, was foremost in the rank of all the nations of the earth to acknowledge and respect the liberty of the press, and from whence so many of her productions, in different languages, spread civilization and enlightenment over all the inhabited parts of the world.

Never, I believe, was a manufactory or foundry put under seal on account of its having produced a pistol or a gun, which, in the hand of a regicide, cut short the days of a tyrant; but the despicable imps of Dutch justice sealed, and prevented a printing establishment from continuing the publication of, a paper which could have been printed on any other press as well as on that of poor Dumée, just as deadly instruments may be cast or manufactured in one

foundry as well as in another. The old man was right in surmising that such an act had been perpetrated with a view to starve his family, and with the intention to let them suffer as well as himself for his having been the publisher of the *Ooyevaar*, and other small papers of republican tendency. I endeavoured to tranquillize the downcast victim of unscrupulous despotism, and at last succeeded in restoring his calmness of mind.

Mingelen appeared, escorted as Dumée had been. Grasping my hand he assured me that he would endeavour to be as courageous as I was. "You shall have no reason to be ashamed of me," he exclaimed. The three worthies, Alsche, Canneman, and Waldeck, had entered his house just at the time when the *Ooyevaar* was going to press, and they had actually arrested the "forme" of the paper and taken it from the press to the town-hall, together with a great portion of the type, books, and paper belonging to his printing establishment.*

* Of course not a single piece of paper was found either at my house or at those of Dumée and Mingelen,

The day was already drawing to a close, and still we had not received an *acte d'accusation*, or order of arrest. It was a new violation of the law to keep us prisoners without any such document. I could, however, easily guess that the pretext on which our arrest had taken place could be found in the alleged authority of the articles 91 and 97 of the penal code, and I communicated such to my two publishers. I also told them that those stipulations of the law threatened with death, but that they had not to fear such a result, because the proceedings against us were nothing but a means of putting us out of the way, and making us harmless, for the time being.

It was evening, when at length an old *deurwaarder* came to us, and, with much less concern than a careless schoolboy would exhibit in saying his lesson, muttered the

which could in any way compromise or criminate us. The most important document for those bloodhounds of tyranny appeared to be the lists of our subscribers, for they eagerly took hold of them, and kept them separate. All the persons named in those lists were from that moment "marked men."

order which the *raadkamer* of the District Tribunal had issued for our arrest. I had listened without any peculiar emotion to the reading of the precious document, but a storm of indignation arose within me when I heard that the justice had made us the accomplices not only of the three or four wretches who had been arrested for participating in the disturbances of the Hague, but also of the dozen destitute vagrants who had committed theft and plunder at Delft. I at once conceived the diabolical intent of that far-sought accusation. I was certain that it was to keep us for months locked up and separated from our friends and relatives. I saw that the appetite of the revenge of my enemies was not to be satiated by imprisoning us on account of an alleged political offence, but that we had to be placed on a level with the starving wretches, and made the accomplices of these poor men, whose faces we had never seen before. Political prisoners only we should not be, we should also be made the associates of thieves and plunderers. Yes! thus ran the act of accusation

of the tribunal, if it could not be proved that we were amenable according to articles 91 and 97 of the penal code, such we should be in respect of article 440, by which every person guilty of public plunder is liable to a punishment of from five to fifteen years' imprisonment with hard labour. The argument was, that if I had not written in an exciting style, and Dumée and Mingelen had not printed and circulated that which I wrote, the persons in the Hague and Delft, would, probably, never have thought of riot and plunder. How would you feel, reader, if you saw yourself accused in that way, and had never been abetting devastation, when you had never seen or even been aware of the existence of those plunderers, and when the latter did not know you, nor had ever read anything written by you?

Taking into consideration the prospects before us, and feeling that the prison would be fatal to my publishers, Dumée being a weak old man, and Mingelen suffering from asthma, I thought I might try whether there was no possibility of restoring our-

selves to liberty, and saving them from the sufferings that were in store, by promising that I would voluntarily lay down the pen, and banish myself from the country. I proposed this to Waldeck, who wrote a note and sent it by his own son to D'Engelbronner, the reply to which was that the legal proceedings must take their course.

Large crowds of people had undoubtedly surrounded the town-hall from the time it became generally known that we had been arrested, for our removal was delayed till eight o'clock, when a vehicle arrived, into which we were pushed together, the officious Waldeck and the *deurwaarder* keeping us company. The carriage had been brought up to the back door of the town-hall, but even there we saw a large concourse of people, who shouted, and loudly asked us, "What will they do with you? Whither are you going? We must know where they will take you." "To prison," I exclaimed, and away we went. Although we were hurrying at full speed to the house of detention, still hundreds followed the coach, and

on its arrival at our future abode, we again found an innumerable multitude assembled on the spot. Two policemen, who had been standing behind the vehicle as grooms, immediately jumped from their seats, and opened the carriage. The door of the prison was opened at the same moment, and we were led within its dreary walls. The governor of the gaol, the turnkey, and the warders were in attendance. I bade Dumée and Mingelen farewell, pressed them by the hand, and prayed of the former, whose eyes were again filled with tears, to keep up his spirits.

Prepared for the worst, I did not wonder when I was taken to the most gloomy cell in the prison. It was the *cachot* where the soldiers who had committed very grave offences were occasionally locked up—the longest period being for eight days. Ushered into that awful place, I at once saw how horrid it was, but did not utter a single remark. I requested the warder to put down my hammock, and to bring me some coffee, which, by particular favour, I

received half an hour afterwards. Although there was a strong draught in that hole, the stench was nearly suffocating.' The first was created by some five panes of glass in the window being broken, and the cell being opposite the gate of the prison; the latter, as I afterwards learned, by the closet having been stopped up some days previously, and the excrements of the last occupier of my cell—a drummer—and six prisoners above me, having been, and were daily allowed to accumulate there. Those six prisoners had evidently received hints or promises from Waldeck, for not long after I had entered the cell they commenced to make a fearful noise, which painfully affected my head. With wooden shoes on their feet they were dancing together, and the plank ceiling resounded with the most sickening jolts, which made my nerves tremble. I threw myself down on the straw mattress, and, as I had a light, they perceived that I had done so through little holes bored in the planks which separated them from me, and poured a quantity of water—I need not say

of what description—upon me, which made me wet and filthy. Then drawing the drenched and stinking straw to the corner next the door, I again stretched my tired limbs upon it, abiding with resignation the horrors of such a sleepless night. The clock struck ten, when a warder ordered me to put out my light, and there I lay, enveloped in darkness, draught, and stench. How great and how sudden was the transition from the busiest life in the world, with all its conveniences and requirements within my reach, to the solitary confinement in a dreary cell, with no accommodation but a few handfuls of nasty straw! But the other day and my occupations and recreations scarcely left me time for repose, and at the hour when I was now shivering in a nauseous den, I was accustomed to enjoy myself in a circle of friends, with every sort of comfort at my command. No sleep came to my eyes to make me insensible to the horrors of my situation. I was haunted by the thought that I had involuntarily caused my publishers to be deprived of their liberty, and the con-

templation of my own future, darker than night itself, overwhelmed at intervals my moral courage. How likely was it not that I should die after a series of mental and bodily sufferings; that my last breath should be spent within prison walls, and in the atmosphere of crime? It was certain that I could not survive many weeks in the hole where I now lay, and I had every reason to fear that my corpse only would leave it. It required all the power of philosophy, and my confidence in God, to calm my excited mind. An intense intermittent fever attacked me, and heightened my sufferings. . . . Later in that dreadful night I agreed with myself to acquiesce without murmur to all that might happen, to control my emotions as much as possible, and passively to submit to the indignities of which I should be the object. Fortunately for me, I had strength enough to carry that resolution into effect. I owe the preservation of my life to it.

At ten o'clock the next morning a warder opened the door of my cell, and ordered me to come with him to the office of the

governor, to have my name, with a description of my person, put down in a book in which every prisoner—except debtors—was registered, no matter for what reason he was incarcerated. From that office I was taken to the room of Canneman, who had just arrived to effect the usual interrogation. I complained of the monstrosity of the accusation, and asked him how we could be considered as accomplices of men whom we had never seen in our lives, and who were nearly all arrested and imprisoned in Delft? He replied that not he, but the *raadkamer* of the tribunal, accused me, and that, as regarded complicity, should there be no real, there could be *moral* complicity in the case; the perpetrators of the plunders could have found something in my newspapers to incite them to commit themselves as they had done. "You are unable," I said, "to point me out a line, or even a word, in which I urged on the inhabitants to plunder; I have done exactly the contrary." And the answer was a shrinking up of the shoulders and a dry, "The tribunal must

decide that." "At all events," continued I, "allow me to request that a confrontation between those persons and myself should take place at the earliest opportunity." "I shall at once bring your request before the tribunal," he replied, and left me waiting *a year* for that confrontation, when it was proved that not one of the poor wretches, who for the greater part could neither read nor write, ever had seen the newspapers I had written.

I had inhaled an unsuffocating air so long as I was in the room of the judge Canneman, and hence felt the terrible smell so much the more on returning to my cell. I lay down again on my miserable couch, and felt very sickly. In the morning a piece of dry bread with water was brought to the hole; when I came back I found a mixture of some vegetables, grout, and water, but I did not touch that food, neither the scanty meal that was put down in my cell at four o'clock. I lay down all the day on the straw, and had nothing but a cup of coffee, which I was allowed to drink by paying for it. I heard

nothing from Dumée or Mingelen, nor from my friends outside the prison, which made me conclude that all access and communication was refused, and that I was put *au secret*. The next day—Sunday—slowly crept onwards, and so did the night. I had not undressed myself since my arrival in prison, nor did I do anything but lie down on the straw, or partake of anything but coffee. Many times had I fainted and been unconscious for more than half an hour together, and nearly choked by the nauseating damp. The exhalation of putrition was growing more intense as the wind abated, and no proper ventilation could take place in calm weather; as a high wall stood at a very small distance from my cell, depriving me at the same time of all daylight. On Monday morning the governor of the prison came to my door, and inquired if I was unwell, and whether I had any complaints to make. I explained to him briefly what sort of den it was into which he had locked me, and that I wondered how he could order my confinement in such a hole,

into which he certainly would not throw a burglar or a vagabond. "I was ordered to put you here," was the reply, "but seeing how much you have suffered in these two or three days only, I shall try to get a better apartment for you, and meanwhile give my orders that the noise with which the men in the cell above continually annoy you, be put a stop to." He subsequently spoke of subjects of another kind; but, suspecting that he tried to get answers from me in order to be able to report them to my prosecutors, I declined entering into conversation with him and treated him rather cavalierly. For this I was afterwards sorry, when I found that he was a straightforward, honest, noble, and kindhearted man, who did more than I could expect to alleviate the acuteness of my sufferings.

I had no food and only coffee on Monday, the fourth day of my imprisonment. After having again lain down all day and night, I had, on the Tuesday morning, the great pleasure of receiving from my friends out of doors a quantity of choice eatables and

wine, which Henrichs, the governor, himself handed to me. Hunger now got the better of the smell, and I enjoyed, for the first time since the previous Thursday, a good and hearty dinner. The sun was also shining during that day, which gave me a couple of hours of good twilight, of which I profited to write a letter to Behr, the Commissary of Police in Scheveningen, informing him that I would still accept his proposal and go to Italy, or any other proposition of that kind, if the doors of the prison were at once thrown open to Dumée, Mingelen, and myself. Although I had no intention of leaving the country, I thought myself justified in making any attempt likely to extricate me from my awful and dangerous position.

Behr came two days afterwards. On entering the room where he was waiting for me, he could not help being astonished at the great difference in my appearance. Only a week had elapsed since I had been despotically deprived of my liberty, but during that week I had endured so much, that it was as if the history of a year of

wretchedness had been written on my features. After some insignificant preamble, Behr told me that he was authorised to inform me that every amelioration should be afforded me in my lot if I would make revelations. I concealed the painful impression that word caused me, and asked him what revelations he had in view. "The Government," he said, "desires not so much to know who are your political friends, as to have the names of those persons who communicated to you so many facts which for ever should have remained secret." "And could you," replied I, disdainfully, "believe for a moment that, to whatever torture you may expose me, I should betray those men who put an unlimited confidence in me?" On seeing me annoyed by such a degrading offer, he did not repeat it or put it in any other form. Having executed his mission as a tool of his despotic masters, he now spoke to me as a friend. He condemned in the strongest terms of disapprobation that I had been so barbarously dealt with, and promised me faithfully not to

spare any trouble to get me removed from that hideous *cachot*, the confinement in which had already so severely told upon me.

On Wednesday, the 8th October, I was removed from the horrid abode.* My new cell was No. 12, a convenient and spacious room, where I had fresh air and bright sunlight, and even a view of the *Prinsengracht*. How happy I felt at that alteration in my situation no pen can describe. I, however, concealed my joy, for I could perceive that, although it was reluctantly granted that I was moved from that dreary hole, which perhaps would too soon have killed me, it was calculated that I should mentally be more excited in my new, good cell, than

* It did look rather strange that the cause of the horrid smell, which at last commenced to spread from my cell through the whole prison, was not taken away before it was decided that I should be removed. Scavengers were then ordered to make a search, and they found that a wooden bowl obstructed the drainage, and hindered the ordure from passing through. One of the warders very positively assured me that the bowl had belonged to the drummer, who certainly must have thrown it in the privy on the day of his release.

in the filthy *cachot.** The room in which I now found myself had for some time been purposely unoccupied, and served as a store-room, on account of the last occupant having left it, not to return to his friends and relations, nor to be removed to another cell or prison, but to be taken to the gallows and hung. That late occupant was a man of the name of Stenis, formerly hotel and stable keeper in Utrecht, who was publicly executed in the autumn of 1844, on the great market-place in the Hague. He had been a criminal of the most abominable character. For the sake of a few thousand guilders, the possession of which he coveted, he had sent to his uncle, who lived on the very same *Prinsengracht* on the Hague where he was afterwards prisoner, some poisoned pastry, in the shape of a present of affection, which the latter gladly accepted, consumed, and of which he died after a painful agony;

* The minute description one of the warders gave me of the life of the last inhabitant of that cell, easily made me guess to what intent that man had been instructed to do so.

his wife, who had also partaken of the present, having a hair-breadth escape, and recovering only after a serious illness.

But it did not mentally affect me that I was sitting on the same seat where he had been sitting; the idea that I took my dinner from the same table as he had done, and that I breathed the air in the same space where he had been raving over his pending fate during the last days of his life, left me undisturbed. Neither did I dream of gallows or hangman, when I slept in the same bed in which had been stretched the limbs that were doomed to dangle between heaven and earth. On the contrary, I liked to muse upon the difference between him and me, and the singular contrasts it was suggestive of. In that cell lived, a year before, a murderer, who, prompted by his avarice, perpetrated the most heinous crime; an assassin, poisoning for money's sake his uncle and his friend, who by his will had bequeathed his property to him; and in the same room now breathed one who was guiltless of any real crime; who, scorning

money, had sacrificed his own prospects and expectations, not to serve his uncle, his relatives, or himself, but to serve all his compatriots. And the latter was content, was happy in that apartment—so much worse than a murderer had he been treated in the beginning of his incarceration.

De Haas had entered the prison before any of the meal riots or bread disturbances had taken place, and he never gratuitously gave it as his opinion or advice that plunder was a good thing. Nevertheless, a few days after my printers and I had been captured, Willem II., Van Hall, and Co., ordered that he should be accused in the same manner as ourselves, and of course the willing tools, under the pretext of acting for the benefit of justice, obeyed their paymasters. He was also now preventively incarcerated on a capital charge. This was done, as I said, after Dumée, Mingelen, and I had been arrested, for the reason that De Haas had declared his intention to pay the schoolmaster's fine, which would have set him at

large, and given him an opportunity of advocating the liberation of his friends.

With respect to Van Gorcum, he had been for the last four months at least in Belgium, and he had heartily joined his friends in Brussels in singing the Brabançonne, when the populace in the towns of South Holland were screaming for bread. He gave a proof of his faithfulness by returning to the Hague as soon as he heard what had happened, and he addressed himself at once to the government, claiming our manumission, adding thereto that, if his request were not complied with, he would publish a paper himself to defend our cause. No notice was taken of his expostulation, and he kept his word; he began to publish a weekly newspaper called *De Vaderlander*. He *commenced*, for after the first number had appeared he was also arrested, locked up in the same prison, and accused in the same way as we had been; namely, of being an accomplice in the intended revolution, or perpetrated plunder. Again I must say that the Dutch laws or-

dain that nobody can be prosecuted for anything he has caused to be published, after more than three months have elapsed without the Justice taking notice of it. True enough he had been much longer than three months without any connection with the press in Holland, but the Justice in the Hague was too liberal to look at dates.

Consequently we were all imprisoned; we all inhaled the miasma of the dungeon, and Willem II. breathed more freely. I scarcely need mention that I suffered more than my friends. I was at the head of a patriotic combination, and as such it was of importance that I should be destroyed. It happened one day that Waldeck visited the prison, as was his wont during the first period of our incarceration, and seeing that it made no impression upon me that I slept under the same blankets as the executed Stenis, and that the room after all was not a bad one, he gave notice thereof in the proper quarter, and it was decided that I should be again removed. They then opened for me cell No. 10, a place occa-

sionally used, as was my first hole, for the imprisonment of soldiers punished for a few days' *cachot*. That cell was above the prison kitchen, in which all the meals for the population of the establishment were prepared. The flame of the huge fire under me passed through the chimney of my room, and made the stones burning hot. In fact, so high was the temperature in my new lodging, that it was a cell and a hot house at the same time; and, although it was now in November and December, hundreds of flies buzzed around me day and night. My constitution suffered by that sudden change, so much the more as there was no ventilation whatever in the room, and I was never taken out for an airing. The greatest offenders had their regular hours of promenade in the yards of the gaol; even my co-accused editors and publishers were daily walking in the open, fresh air,—but I had not a breath of it. I had here, however, an advantage which made that cell preferable to the others. De Haas was, with five other persons of all descriptions, locked up in the room above

me, and he, of course, took care that I should not suffer from that dreadful, hollow, brain-shaking noise which, in the first *cachot*, had very nearly driven me to madness. A little hole in the floor near the window was spacious enough to give passage to a small object, or a roll of paper, and when I climbed to the top of the double iron bars before my window, I could reach that hole and receive or deliver all sorts of messages. In that way I had soon established a regular correspondence with De Haas, and through him with my fellow-sufferers.

I had not been an inhabitant of that cell very long when the cook of the gaol, Wichers, also a prisoner, but enjoying many liberties, now and then made his appearance upstairs to my room. I induced him to bring me every evening a lamp filled with oil, and from that time I changed night into day. Very seldom did the inspectors or even the governor of the gaol look in upon me, and when they intended to pay a general visit to all the cells, the cook or one of the warders came to awake me, lest I should be found in

my bed during day-time, which was against the prison regulations. Every evening I lighted my lamp so soon as I heard that the turnkey and warders had retired, and kept it burning all night, going to bed when the inhabitants of the gaol left their hammocks.

Those sleepless nights have been the happiest in my life. There, in that den, in that hothouse, in the corner of the gaol of the Hague, while every one was resting, and even crime enjoyed unconscious sleep, the loftiest conceptions the human mind can embrace balsamed my existence. There I conceived thoughts new and strange, not slowly originating from a comparison of different ideas, but virgin thoughts—more than conceptions or unconnected inspirations—springing forth from those lasting expansions of the soul, which give the mortal being the innate conviction that he is immortal. There, in the midst of the night, the broad stream of human life unrolled its agitated sheets silently before me, not flowing between their natural bounds, according to the laws

of Nature's Lord, but roaring and rushing against the banks of depraved human conventions; between the birth of an imperial prince and the gallows-death of a wretched woman; between a scaffold and a throne; between a hangman and a king. There I dissected the fabric of human society, and endeavoured to count, on the one side, their numerous columns of imposition, of bigotry, of falsehood, and blasphemous absurdities —called acts of faith—and, on the other hand, their numberless pillars of prejudices, instilled into the human mind at a time when blooming youth should have received those soft and godly impressions which a contemplation of kind nature creates in the pure heart. There I would lose myself in mental calculations as to what a revolution it might bring among mankind, if a general belief arose that the atmosphere which surrounds our earthly abode, with all its great, mysterious, and unknown powers, is to the germ of our soul what the womb of a mother is for the embryo of our body, and that proper spiritual nourishment is required to

form the spiritual essence of immortality, as well as material nourishment is wanted to develope the bud of the human frame.

There—but no! . . . . I shall only say that I was penetrated with gratitude, and that nightly: not my prayer, for I never *pray* to Him, but my fervent thanks were addressed to the Almighty.

As regarded the gloomy-looking future, I did not much dwell upon it. When I did, I expected that I had, at all events, already experienced the worst. I had not the slightest apprehension of what I afterwards knew, and that was:—

The winter from 1845 to 1846 did not commence to be severe before the latter part of January, and it had been agreed upon by my prosecutors that I should be the tenant of the hot house as long as the weather was not very cold. The duration of my occupying that cell depended upon the state of the thermometer. I was put there with the intent that my body should be emaciated, and its fluids dried up, and that I should be dragged—that work accom-

plished—chained, handcuffed, faint, weary, and sickly, along the icy coast of the Zuyder Zee. And so I was taken or carried from one prison to the other, till the last spark of life appeared to quit me, and a vagrant had to be appointed to watch me during the night, in order that the person in whose custody I was at that time should be able to fill up his morning report by stating the hour when I had died.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016